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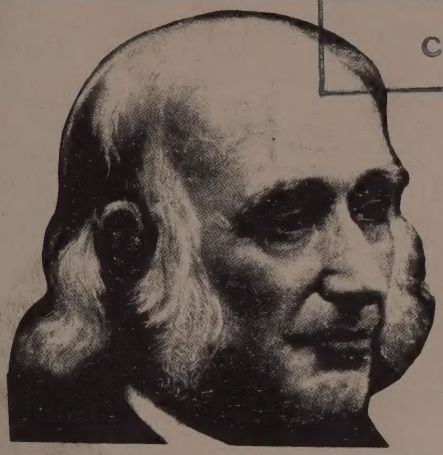

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CONTENTS

THOREAU—SURVEYOR IN THE SURVEY COURSE
TEACHING THOREAU THOREAU AND "THE WILD"
TEACHING THOREAU AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
A READING OF WALDEN THOREAU FOR EVERYONE
ON TEACHING WALDEN THOREAU AND EVELYN
INTRODUCING THOREAU AS ARTIST AND MAN
THOREAU AND INDIVIDUALISM TODAY
WALDEN AS TRANSCENDENTAL PASTORAL
THOREAU IN THE UNDERGRADUATE SURVEY COURSE
THE ESSENTIAL ROMANTICISM OF WALDEN
THOREAU THROUGH MODERN SCHOLARSHIP
OF BOOKS AND THEIR TITLES: A NEW EDITION
THOREAU ON THE "FROZEN-THAWED" APPLE
A NEW THOREAU POEM——"TO EDITH"
DEATH NOTICE OF SOPHIA THOREAU
PORTRAIT OF ALCOTT BY WINCKLER (1877)
EMERSON AND THOREAU: INDEX TO THE DIAL
MARGARET FULLER'S POEM ON CHARLES EMERSON
EMERSON ON A. B. ALCOTT, CONVERSATIONALIST
EMERSON'S TRIBUTE TO MRS. HANNAH JOY

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Dear Family——The first twelve articles in this issue constitute a symposium on the teaching of Thoreau, with Prof. Carl F. Strauch of Lehigh University as chairman. (He is now at work on a third project—on how to teach Walt Whitman.) If you enjoy his symposia as much as we, please let him have your encouragement.——Although the number of subscribing colleges and universities continues slowly to increase, we have not yet heard from thirty significant institutions. A few complete sets of back issues are still available.——We are shifting to Issue No. 19 the annual Book Review and Bibliographical Supplement. Look for it next time.——Researchers, we hope, will value George Willis Cooke's important index, reprinted herein.——Over and above their subscription fees, the following have generously sent dollars to help our "Publication Fund":

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Our deepest thanks go to these kind friends who make possible what would otherwise be impossible.

We are grateful to Mrs. Dorothy Nyren, Concord Librarian, for permission to reproduce the new portrait of Bronson Alcott in this issue.——And we regret to announce that membership fees have been increased to $5.00. The anticipated gain will not offset advancing costs or obviate the necessity for continued subsidy. Please continue to stand by us in our never-ending struggle.——The fight for Walden Pond continues. Thank you for continued good works on all fronts!

YOUR COMMITTEE.

THOREAU—SURVEYOR IN THE SURVEY COURSE

By RAYMOND ADAMS

I cannot speak with a great deal of authority about how to teach Thoreau to college students. First of all, I haven't tried many ways. And next, I haven't taught much Thoreau, never so much as all of Walden. I haven't tried many ways because the courses in American literature at North Carolina have traditionally been planned as survey courses both for undergraduates and for graduate students. Lately two adaptations within the survey pattern have come in order to handle the growing bulk of American writing. Southern literature is now surveyed separately because it seems sensible for a state university in the South to recognize the literature of the South; and the American novel, neglected in general surveys, has been assigned a separate course. Except for courses in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, the department's courses in English literature follow the same plan of surveying periods or types.

What this has meant in the teaching of Thoreau is that for undergraduate students he is one of a multitude of authors who fall within the one-semester survey of American literature between 1800 and 1900. And for graduate students he is one of half a dozen major figures plus a lot of minor figures in a survey of American romanticism beginning with Poe and coming up to Whitman. He will be met in one or the other of those courses or not at all. The advanced graduate student will not at present find here a seminar in which Thoreau might be made a subject of special study. Within such a pattern there isn't much chance to try various ways of presenting Thoreau, and there isn't much time for students to study or read Thoreau very extensively within the course.

I'm not sure that's such a bad way to present Thoreau to college students. In virtually every anthology used in survey courses they will find Thoreau coming immediately after Emerson and they will begin the reading of the younger Concord author while the theory of Transcendentalism is fresh in their minds and while echoes of Nature and "The American Scholar" still ring sonorously in their ears. I think three things will impress themselves upon a student who comes upon Thoreau in that sequence.

Surely the most casual student will see that Thoreau in large measure took Emerson at his word and in his earlier years sought rather consciously to practice the self-reliance and Transcendentalism taught by his elder neighbor. The life at Walden can be understood as an application of Emerson's Nature. It is more than an application; but it is at least a using of nature as commodity, as beauty, as discipline, and as language, and beyond these, in the mystical passages of the book, there is a spiritual relationship with nature. The book Walden can also be thought of as a record of the process Emerson indicated for the scholar, who "received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind; and uttered it again." So Thoreau did at Walden Pond. No one in teaching as original a genius as Thoreau would stop and leave him a mere demonstrator of Emersonianism. But a teacher might start there when a survey course moves from Emerson to Thoreau and, using that for what Thoreau calls a point d'appui, go on from that to the ideas that are Thoreau's own. Transitions and a steady moving from the known to the unknown are good standbys in teaching.

Secondly, most students are delighted after some sessions on Transcendentalism and readings in Emerson to have their thinking brought down to earth in Concord. Thoreau does this. What has been criticised as provincialism in him may not be a fault if he can make his province a microcosm. And he does just that. Not only Thoreau but his twentieth-century reader may "travel much in Concord." And in these days of critical affairs in Asia it is a good thing to start at the western shore of Walden Pond and thence go to the "low shrub oak plateau [which] stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary." Thoreau relates so epic a matter as the migration of nations to the direction one man takes during an afternoon walk in Concord. His thinking is localized and thus Americanized, and even in a survey course this is evident enough to give the matter-of-fact student of the present day something to hold in his fingers and (it is to be hoped) in his mind.

Quite in line with this is Thoreau's diction, markedly down to earth and given to the language of the farms and streets of Concord: "living is so dear," "suck out all the marrow," "cut a broad swath and shave close." His writing is filled with phrases that smack of the soil and have the homely diction of great writing. And when he has used such phrases, how he likes to play with them and turn them over like a coin in his hand. "Living is so dear" not only in terms of money and perhaps of time, but in terms of love of life also. Sleepers under the rails mean

crossties and also exploited workmen. Those who are in the cars and "have the pleasure of riding on a rail" are reminded by him that riding on a rail can be painful business and that their own popularity may shift with the changing of a phrase. A teacher may find that there is hardly another American writer so valuable in teaching live prose style.

These things are elementary; they are the inevitable values anyone would get as he began reading the Thoreau selections in any anthology. I have drawn my quotations from only three or four paragraphs of the most anthologized chapter of Walden. Yet, I think these samples are enough to show how inviting Thoreau may very well be to a student nowadays. There is a freshness, a tangibleness, and a definiteness in even the briefest selections that promise much if one will read more. The humor and the turning of phrases back upon themselves in telling ways mark an eagerness in whatever Thoreau says that is one of his charms as a writer. It would be hard for anyone to find him a skulker after that. And I should think it would be hard for anyone to stop his reading of Thoreau with the anthology selections in a survey course. And, best of all, I should think almost all students would go on to further reading of Thoreau, anticipating what all teachers of literature would want them to expect—that reading will give them ideas and standards and that it will give them pleasure also.

—University of North Carolina.

TEACHING THOREAU

By JOHN C. BRODERICK

The study—and presumably, therefore, the teaching—of Thoreau unquestionably lags behind that of his great contemporaries. The college teacher must try to do for Thoreau in the classroom what has already been done in print for other writers. Until Thoreau criticism fulfills the promise of the 1950's, such needs will remain obstacles to effective teaching. In keeping with the spirit of Thoreau's polemics, I shall first mention some of these obstacles before turning to the most valuable aid to the teacher of Thoreau—the author himself.

The first obstacle is inadequate understanding of the genre in which Thoreau works. Thoreau is in good company here, for despite the prominence of non-fiction prose in the nineteenth century, we lack an intelligible aesthetic rationale for much of the writing of Carlyle, Emerson, Newman, and Ruskin, to name only a few. (What, after all, is Sartor Resartus?) Whereas poetics has a long history and, for prose fiction, a century of theory is available, we look in vain for even a distinctive name for the kind of writing Thoreau did. There may be some help on the way. Northrop Frye (in Anatomy of Criticism) has recently proposed new classifications of prose, including the "confession." Though Frye does not name Walden as an example, his characterization of the confession fits the book fairly well. Some earnest thought and study along such lines would certainly produce benefits. We need also to classify Thoreau's separate writings by sharper criteria than the presence or absence of "genius." Sherman Paul distinguishes between "diffused and focused vision," "between the solid travel report with its symbolic auras and those writings in which the symbol itself leads, directs, and radiates the thought." Such a suggestion seems to me extremely promising for future gain, provided criticism can develop a nomenclature and vocabulary for dealing with such distinctions. In the absence of specific literary considerations, the writings of Thoreau (as of Emerson) are perforce approached for their "ideas" or for the minutiae of style. Certainly the ideas of Thoreau must be understood and confronted, but only (or primarily) as they exist in a literary medium. My own conviction is that separate consideration of Thoreau's ideas should emerge at a very late stage in undergraduate study and that even graduate students should be taught to consider Thoreau primarily as a literary man, a craftsman working in a specific medium. The teacher's function is to facilitate such an approach, particularly by refusing to be drawn into introductory classroom debate over idea disembodied from the work which gives it literary existence and by providing some sense of the literary characteristics and ancestry of Thoreau's writings and their progeny, if any survive.

A related obstacle is the misconception that confuses the "I" of Walden and other writings with Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) of Concord, Massachusetts. Emily Dickinson thought it wise to warn Higginson that the "I" of her poems was a "supposed person." Critics of Whitman have slowly arrived at the same understanding of the "I" of Leaves of Grass. But college students can be more sophisticated about poetry—even Whitman's—than about that nameless genre in which our author writes (the metaphorical essay?). Whitman's deliberate effort to shorten aesthetic distance has been less efficient than Thoreau's defiant retention of the "first person." But, as Frye points out, "even in lyrics and essays the writer is to some extent a fictional hero with a fictional audience, for if the ele-

ment of fictional projection disappeared completely, the writing would become direct address, or straight discursive writing, and cease to be literature." Something of this sort is meant by Wade Thompson when he says that "The hero of Walden is not the objective Thoreau, but a saint," and that Walden Pond "is no real pond." Confusion of the writer and his work may be naive or decadent, but it certainly obfuscates the literary experience. Hence arise student efforts to catch Thoreau in contradictions or to discredit the fictional hero by some evidence concerning the author. Recent studies by Shanley, Miller, and Hovde have made plain the fact that Thoreau's writing is made, that its author is a craftsman seeking particular effects. Whether such an activity is fundamentally incompatible with Romantic commonplaces about genius and inspiration may be safely left to psychoanalysts, but the gain from such studies is evidence for the classroom that (in Miller's words) "Walden is not the transcript of an adventure in primitive living, but a highly schematized pattern of words," designed to become "a thing of beauty." The basic responsibility of a college teacher to keep abreast of the best scholarship and criticism is particularly compelling with respect to Thoreau, for only the most recent additions to the Thoreau bookshelf have made possible an approach to Thoreau as a literary artist as well as an earnest thinker and engaging biographical or scholarly problem.

About five years ago Lewis Leary found Thoreau textually "unkempt." The situation is hardly better today, except for the Correspondence. That careful, annotated editions of Walden and A Week have vainly sought publishers for several years is disgraceful. Thoreau needs annotation; he is allusive and eclectic. He deserves a teachable anthology of the quality of Whicher's Emerson. Wanting this, the teacher must safeguard classroom time for discussion of major issues, not the trivia of identifying quotations. To do so, full use should be made of such aids as Joseph Jones's Index to Walden. For advanced students, mimeographed "handouts" seem almost indispensable. Thus allusions may become something to be studied for their literary function, not exasperating interruptions to be identified.

Thoreau seems to be known as the author of one book and one essay. But the disparity between these and the rest of Thoreau's writings is certainly no greater than that between Moby Dick and the rest of Melville (if as great). Leo Stoller, Sherman Paul, and Walter Harding (in the Handbook) have provided valuable discussions of individual works by Thoreau, some not heretofore separately discussed in print to my knowledge. The teacher of Thoreau must follow their lead. Thoreau was, after all, a maker of essays and books (as well as bookcases), the individual substance of which should be known to his students. Nor can the Journal be regarded as Thoreau's masterpiece; it is too much like Henry James's hypothetical Victorian novel which, appearing month after month, became one of the regular things of life. Though its conscious artistry (like that of Boswell's) is perhaps greater than earlier suspected, lacking form it lacks, if not quite all, at least the totality of literary interest. "A Winter Walk," whatever its demerits, is a finished literary product and should be studied and taught (condemned, if necessary) as such.

In the face of such obstacles, the teacher should fully avail himself of the chief aid to teaching—Thoreau himself. My own former teacher and pioneer Thoreauvian, Raymond Adams, once forewarned me about the extremes in student reaction to Thoreau. Certainly, as most teachers will agree, the days spent on the writings of Thoreau need never be dull. I attribute Thoreau's undeniable impact on his readers chiefly to his capacity for dramatizing the self. Two vivid images of the Thoreau hero exist—the isolated pioneer in remote natural surroundings and the saintly, slightly amused jailbird, victimized by institutional irrationality, observing more in sorrow than anger his respectable mentor outside. Needless to say, neither image is broadly typical of the life of the "real" Thoreau, and both, in fact, are fallacious. Wasn't Thoreau a squatter? Wasn't his mother's kitchen nearby? Didn't he leave Walden after two years? Didn't his Aunt Maria pay the tax? Wasn't he "mad as the devil" when released? Yes and no. A teacher can adopt two ways of dealing with these images, one of which, I believe, is mistaken. He can apologetically diffuse them by minimizing the Walden experiment and the night in jail (as Thoreau never did). Or he can exploit their possibilities as apotheoses of spiritual and intellectual attitude. What Marius Bewley has said of Natty Bumppo—that as "perpetual reproach" to the American imagination he can hardly be evaluated by normal social criteria—is true as well of the heroes of Walden and "Civil Disobedience." Emerson certainly created no comparable image of the self (my own recollection is of Cranch's caricature of the Eyeball), nor even did Whitman. Excited student reaction (most of which will be adverse, of course) to Thoreau's heroes should not therefore be blunted or undermined by the knowledgeable specialist. Instead, all concerned should consider the implications of these images as artistic embodiment of attitude and moral gesture.

Henry James praised Emerson's faculty "for speaking to the soul in a voice of direction and authority." If I am not mistaken, Thoreau's "voice" is more audible than Emerson's. At any rate, his is a speaking presence of great immediacy. Although Thoreau made some adjustments as he altered his lectures for publication—as Shanley has shown—his characteristic "sound" remains. For this reason I believe that much reading aloud in Thoreau is profitable, doubly so because his prose is rich in nuances of style only to be apprehended by audition. (Some of the puns have made themselves known to me as I have read to a class.) Walden, especially, with its delicate modulations in tone, is particularly rewarding when read aloud. The drawback, of course, is that such an approach takes time. But Thoreau (like Emerson) requires a pace adjusted to music measured and far away. Students, I find, require saturation in Emerson for a good many days before "getting" him; and so with Thoreau. For this reason I have had better success in advanced classes which considered a larger body of his writings than in sophomore classes in which the reading is limited to (parts of) Walden and "Civil Disobedience." But even in the more hurried survey classes, the longer spent with Thoreau the better.

I have never taught Thoreau in exactly the way I recommend. My enemies (other than the normal enemies to good teaching) have been syllabi, the fascination of the man himself, the supererogatory inclination to defend his writings against misinformed undergraduate hostility, the normal dissatisfaction with student misunderstanding, and the sheer difficulty of working from the innermost germ to the outreaches of idea and philosophy. The mode I describe is my castle in the air, at the foundations of which I labor year by year, hopeful that I shall at last construct more than a woodshed. With the help of my fellow Thoreauvians, I shall one day, I trust, be able to teach Thoreau as I teach Hawthorne—as a literary craftsman, working within but modifying a definable literary tradition and thus influencing that tradition; as a student of the human condition, whose principal means of exploring that condition were literary, not philosophical or even "practical"; and as a supreme artist in prose, whose separate phrases and sentences repay the closest attention and explication. This may not be all of Thoreau, but it is a Thoreau that matters.

—Wake Forest College

THOREAU AND "THE WILD"

By ROBERT P. COBB

And beyond these isles there is another isle that is clept Pytan. The folk of that country ne till not, ne labour not the earth, for they eat no manner thing. And they be of good colour and of fair shape, after their greatness. . . . And when they go any far way, they bear the apples with them; for if they had lost the savour of the apples, they would die anon.

Mandeville, Travels

The dramatic impact of Thoreau's Walden experiment makes it difficult to separate the study of the man from the study of his work. Thirty years ago there would have seemed little necessity for doing so. Today, however, we are all sufficiently influenced or intimidated by the New Criticism to minimize the biographical aspects of literature lest we be charged with moralizing or with ignoring the texts themselves.

The problem is particularly acute in the study of Thoreau, for seldom have the works of any writer been so closely identified with his immediate experiences as they are with Thoreau—A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers grew out of his excursions with his brother John; Walden, from 26 months of quasi-solitude at Walden Pond; Cape Cod, from a walking tour of the peninsula; The Maine Woods, from a series of trips along the upper Penobscot; and still other works are based on specific events in his life.

The problem is further complicated by the appelations pinned to Thoreau. He is identified as a poet, a naturalist (or, by Channing, a poet-naturalist), a political theorist, a philosopher, or as a literary craftsman--an artist whose chief aim was the perfection of his art. It is only natural that professional men of letters, such as Channing or Stanley Hyman, should consider Thoreau as a man of letters. I should, however, prefer to think of Thoreau as a moralist—one who wrote consummate prose, it is true, but a moralist, nevertheless, whose principal concern was with the quality of the life he lived and of the lives he saw lived—for it is as a moralist that he is likely to interest and influence students whose values are still tentative.

Moreover, his is a morality of particular relevance for twentieth-century America, for the "organization man" and the "status seeker." The aspect of that morality I should like to discuss is what might be called "The Wild."

"Wildness" or "The Wild" is a recurrent theme in Thoreau's writings, from A Week to The Maine Woods. It is a concept that attracted the attention of John Burroughs (in 1881), who called Thoreau "the wildest man that New England has turned out since the red aborigines vacated her territory,"

of Norman Foerster (in 1917), who felt that Thoreau's love for "The Wild" was largely responsible for his stoicism and reticence, and of Henry S. Canby (in 1931), who believed that in "The Wild" Thoreau found, and we see, his true self.[1] I should like to suggest additional reasons for his interest in "The Wild."

By "The Wild" Thoreau seems to mean a primitive, aboriginal, fundamental instinct, operating in both man and nature, that ignores civilization and cultivation. Man has need for recourse to this primitive instinct as a tonic, as a cathartic for the malaise engendered by society. It is to this instinct that he alludes in the "woodchuck" episode in Walden:

> I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then except for the wildness which he represented. Once or twice...I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound ...seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself...an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life...and another toward a primitive rank and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good.[2]

But the principal value of "The Wild" is therapeutic, sanative. The "higher laws," those transcendental values which Thoreau spent his life searching for and codifying, are human and spiritual laws, not brutal and physical ones. Thus, recourse to "The Wild" becomes necessary as a kind of solitary corrective to the evils that beset social man. Thoreau's belief in the necessity of spiritual re-purification and in the function of "The Wild" in that re-purification make him, I believe, primarily a moralist.

Access to primitive influences may seem to be one of the remoter needs of modern man, but it is precisely this access that may offer a cure for the compulsions of mid-century American mediocrity: the compulsions to be well-rounded, well-liked, and well-paid. Those who would be well-rounded

> live on the surface; they are like the driftwood on the flood. They ask forever and only the news, the froth and scum of the eternal sea.... They live wholly an evanescent life, creatures of circumstance.... When I am most myself and see the clearest, men are least to be seen...and that they are seen at all is the proof of imperfect vision.[3]

The newspapers reveal but little news about one's self, and to tend to everyone's business is to ignore one's own.

One of the attitudes most prevalent today is that it is, somehow, a mark against one's character not to be thought "a good fellow." For him who wishes, above all else, to be well-liked, Thoreau warns:

> Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be the companion even of himself. We inspire friendship in men when we have contracted friendship with the gods. When we cease to sympathize with and to be personally related to men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.[4]

As for man's preoccupation with material gain, even the most casual reading of Thoreau's work would reveal the contempt he had for "the commercial spirit." A topical index to the writings of Thoreau would indicate that the number of references to the debilitating effects of commerce is second only to the number of references to the beneficent influences of nature. Thoreau is particularly scathing in his denunciation of what he calls "doing a good business."

> There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things, as when we say 'he is doing a good business,' more profane than cursing or swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them.[5]

One of the few allusions in Walden to his pre-Walden activities concludes in much the same vein: "I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way . . . and I should probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually afraid that I might by that time be doing what is called a good business."[6] Yet, it is not business as such to which he objects; rather, he deplores the fact that it seduces one from his principal task, namely, self-discovery. In "Life Without Principle," perhaps the most earnest of all his essays, he explains his reaction to the temptation:

> The community has no bribe which will tempt a wise man. You may raise money enough to tunnel a mountain, but you cannot raise money enough to hire a man who is minding his own business. An efficient and valuable man does what he can, whether the community pay him or not. The inefficient offer their inefficiency to the highest bidder.... I wish to suggest that a man may be very industrious and yet not spend his time well. There is no more fatal blunderer than he who spends the greater part of his life getting a living.

All great enterprises are self-supporting.[7]

Dilettantism, conviviality, and wealth, then, are the aims of society as a whole. They are the result of an association with the mass of men which is too close, too gregarious. They are diseases transmitted by the atmosphere; one need not embrace them to be infected by them.

Frequent withdrawal into solitary nature, and the wildness she affords, is for Thoreau both a preventive and a cure. Society and solitude, however, are not physical locations; rather, they are attitudes, frames of mind. What Thoreau is urging is not the divided life—one social and aimless, the other solitary and serene—but a single, unified life in which the revelations of retirement become, simultaneously, the rules for action. The frequent expression of this attitude in his works does much to counteract any charge of snobbery or misanthropy. The following, an 1840 entry in his journal, is representative:

> **Duty belongs to the understanding, but genius is not dutiful; the highest talent is dutiful. Goodness results from the wisest use of the talent.**
>
> **The perfect man has both genius and talent. The one is the head, the other his feet; by one he is, by the other he lives.**[8]

Another statement of this dual responsibility, a statement similar in both thought and language, is to be found in Emerson's essay, "Society and Solitude," published in 1870.[9]

It might be argued that Thoreau is the product of another age and, hence, has little to say to the present generation. But certainly his writings reveal, if nothing else, prescience of the plight of industrial man. The marks of routine, as it exists in Thoreau's time, are to be found on Lewis the blind man's horse "which works at the sawing machine [but] now let out to graze, [and] at each step he lifts his hind legs convulsively high from the ground, as if the whole earth were a treadmill continually slipping away from under him...."[10] The continuing division of labor on all levels of society makes routine more than a nineteenth-century phenomenon. The horse bears the mark of his servitude on the muscles of his legs; the man, on his brow.

Such an evocative symbol is characteristic of the moralist, didactic in its intention and dramatic in its effect. But having said this, one should add that Thoreau is not a moralist only. He *is* a poet, naturalist, political theorist, prose stylist, and a host of other things. It is a measure of his power to affect us that he is so variously identified. I suggest only that it is as one concerned with the conduct of life that he affects us most. Austin Warren has shown us that Emerson's journals were undertaken as exercises in self-therapy.[11] Similarly, Thoreau's journal is a record of his efforts toward self-discovery. The published writings are revelations for all to see of those discoveries.

It was not Thoreau's intention that his experiments in living be imitated or repeated; but it was his intention that his readers discover for themselves, as he discovered for himself, something of the mystery and the richness of the life without and within. As the "Wild" functioned for Thoreau so it can function for us. Short of that, his writings serve a similar office. They can be to us as the apples of Iduna were to the Norse gods, who "when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of [them] to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarök."[12]

—University of Kansas.

1 See John Burroughs, Critic, I (March 26, 1881); Norman Foerster, Dial, LXIII (June 28, 1917); and Henry S. Canby, Classic Americans (N.Y., 1931).
2 The Writings of Henry David Thoreau, Cambridge ed., Boston, 1894, II, 327—referred to hereafter as Works.
3 The Writings of Henry David Thoreau (Walden ed., Boston, 1906), IX, 460-461 [Journal, III, 460-461]. Vols. VII-XX of this edition contain the Journal, which is also numbered separately as volumes I-XIV. Future references to the Journal will be to this numbering.
4 Journal, II, 33. 5 Journal, I, 251.
6 Works, II, 110. 7 Works, X, 715.
8 Journal, I, 119.
9 The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. E. W. Emerson (Centenary ed., Boston, 1903-1904), VII, 15-16. 10 Journal, V, 276-277.
11 Austin Warren, "Emerson, Preacher to Himself" in New England Saints (Ann Arbor, 1956).
12 Works, IX, 358.

TEACHING THOREAU AT MIDDLEBURY

By REGINALD L. COOK

Although D. H. Lawrence slighted Thoreau in his Studies in Classic American Literature (1923), the inclusion of Thoreau's writings in college classrooms is no longer an open question. Today the important question is not whether he merits a place in our courses but what shall be emphasized in the man and his work. Not only is it necessary, as Emerson suggested, for each age to write its own books, it is also necessary to learn how to read percipiently

its native classics. In Thoreau's case, how shall we read him and what shall we emphasize? Shall it be Thoreau as the transcendental exponent of high thinking and plain living, the poet naturalist, or the bristling rebel as protestant *à l'outrance*? In justice, each viewpoint deserves its play.

At Middlebury College, which as a separate department of American literature and a staff of three instructors, two full-year courses and six one-term courses are offered. In the introductory course where there are 150 to 200 students, both *Walden* and "Civil Disobedience" are read, and normally six class hours are allotted to the Thoreau discussion. We begin by drawing to the students' attention the resources of the Abernethy Library of American Literature, which contains one of the finest Thoreau collections in our country. To stimulate student interest we talk about the Thoreau memorabilia—the early Harvard themes on such subjects as "Barbarism and Civilization" and "Provincial Americans," the letters and manuscript material in Thoreau's handwriting, the personal copy of *Walden* with its notes and corrections, the pencils which the Thoreaus made, etc. We try not to overstress an abundant bibliography. Our aim is to get the student interested in the man and the ideas in the writings. Above all, it is not to make a straight-cut ditch of a free meandering stream. The pleasure in Thoreau is the pleasure of poetry in the good life.

Although the presentation of the discussion differs with the instructor, we are concerned with pointing up not only the shaping forces in Thoreau's life but also the highly personal reaction he made to each of these. We refer constantly to the *Journal* and, because it is so handy, use *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, edited by Odell Shepard, a first-rate introduction which, like *The Heart of Emerson's Journals*, edited by Bliss Perry, ought to be reissued as a paperback.

Walden is discussed from three particular angles: (1) as an economic experiment; (2) as a criticism of society; and (3) as a poetic naturalist's record of life in the woods. We look carefully at the characteristics of the prose craftsmanship and consider Thoreau's salient contributions as a transcendentalist, nature writer, and intellectual rebel. We examine both the positive and negative sides of his viewpoint. The culmination of the students' work at this level is a two-thousand-word reaction paper. These reaction papers, which encourage independence of view, are graded closely for content, organization, grammatical structure and style. Each instructor reads his *own* papers.

Since *Walden* is one of the most challenging books in American literature, we try to go to the heart of the matter as quickly as possible. In general, the heart of the matter is the way Thoreau makes us face the important problem of how much of our so-called civilization is really necessary. *Walden* is a very helpful book when approached with this inquiry in mind. There is no prize formula, no ready answer to the question because our civilization is changing all the time. The conclusions we might have arrived at in an age of depression are not necessarily helpful in an age of anxiety. We are forced to re-think our situation each year. *Walden* is no longer read by students in a mood of regret for lost opportunities but in a mood of challenging inquiry.

On occasion, I have taught a one-term course on Emerson and Thoreau. Here, in greater detail, both writers are discussed in terms of their lives, the historical and intellectual climate of their times, and their writings. Approximately eighteen class hours out of forty-five are given to Thoreau. Not only do we look closely into the relationship between Emerson and Thoreau, we also examine Thoreau's relationship to other writers, and to religion, science, nature, and society. The students read extensively in his writings and, at the conclusion of the study, each is required to prepare a thesis on some relevant aspect. At Middlebury, the senior majoring in the field of American literature usually encounters Thoreau a third time when, in preparation for the General Examination, he reviews privately Thoreau's writings.

It is probably a prevalent sign of our times but the students at this small liberal arts college read Thoreau with a high, and Emerson with a relatively low, tolerance. "Thoreau's love of life, intensified by a deep humility, had a wider scope than did that of Emerson," one student sums up. "I think this was part of what made him primarily, potentially and really a great individual...the essence of the man was such that he disappears over the last page of *Walden* 'as if he were the last god going home unto his last desire.'" To post-Darwinian students the Transcendentalism in Emerson is a mirage. Thoreau seems to them more securely anchored in reality. The undiminished vitality of Thoreau's poetic expression and his rugged thinking contain "the warrant of experience." After a bout with Emerson the students look with favor on an idealist who experienced the tough realities of life—economic survival, solitude, social conformity, the death of his brother, institutional tyranny, the slavery issue, the hazards of friendship—and communicated his

hard-won knowledge in some of the most muscular prose in American writing. "Thoreau," says another student, "had the gall to be what he claims to be."

Students have no difficulty in reading and liking Thoreau, but each year I find the same old lions appear in the same old path. Thoreau's alleged escapism and disdain of humanity, his Emersonian echoes and entangling alliance with science, his narrow social experience and "odd ball" idiosyncracies always elicit reactions. Yet a poll of these students would show Thoreau far in front of Emerson in appeal. Thoreau, at least, can be understood, it is asserted; Emerson is obscure, remote, and unfeeling. It is a major irony, indeed, that one of the most popular lecturers of his day—"But Mr. Emerson always draws"—should now require bolstering up of student interest in reading him. Thoreau requires no such special concern. On the contrary, there is the necessity of restraining the exuberance of some students who become so infected by the virus of inner-directedness in Walden that they would at once take to the Innisfree of their dreams, "And a small cabin build there.... And live alone in a bee-loud glade," which, it seems to me, falls short of the fundamental message in this "one-man revolutionist."

—Middlebury College

A READING OF *WALDEN*

By FRANK DAVIDSON

"Men will believe what they see. Let them see."

When Hawthorne, while consul at Liverpool, was requested by Moncton Milnes to send him "half a dozen good American books," one that he solicited was Thoreau's Walden; or Life in the Woods. Later he wrote for copies for two other friends. Lawrance Thompson in a recent article on Robert Frost and American idiom observed that Frost "likes to say that there are two post-Puritan books that are never quite out of his mind," one of which is Walden.

I taught Walden to groups of forty or fifty undergraduate students in Indiana University each year for twenty-five or more, sometimes twice during a single year, without its ever losing its savor. It remained as tonic as sassafras tea in the spring of the year is supposed to be. Fewer than half of any one of the student groups working with me in the survey course were English majors; many were prospective teachers. I varied my presentation of Walden from time to time, but that which had the best response was what one might call "A Reading of Walden." My purpose was to have the students know a good American book, largely through their own efforts; my cue came from Thoreau himself:

To read well, that is, to read true books in a true spirit, is a noble exercise, and one that will task the reader more than any exercise which the customs of the day esteem. It requires a training such as the athletes underwent, the steady intention almost of the whole life to this object. Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written.

There were always points of disagreement with Thoreau's views, often with what students mistook for his views. He was provocative enough to make himself remembered by his readers, as I know from letters that have reached me long after the event. The most recent is from one of my students of years ago who, after earning his A.B., teaching in a college, and completing most of his doctoral dissertation, turned to electronics, with amateur radio as a hobby. He writes:

There is something utterly fascinating to me about talking with someone in Saskatoon (as I did this morning) by means of an invisible wave of energy that is measured in microvolts. To think that such a thing could carry intelligence from one person to another! But I won't forget Mr. T[horeau], who would have me remember that the potential in a dry weed seed is a million times more marvelous.

Although most students today find it difficult, if not impossible, to think in terms of absolute necessities, simplicity, solitude, and what they "can let alone," Thoreau meets them with much in his favor. He has faith in youth and, in Walden, addresses himself to them with the observation that, "Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young.... I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors." They like that. He recalls his own student days at Harvard—the unnecessarily excessive room-rent, the costly tuition for that part of the college experience which he found less well attuned to the purposed end than what was free, and the playing at or studying life instead of earnestly living it. He is evolutionary, often revolutionary, in his thinking, as R. W. B. Lewis implies in his statement that Walden "is the most searching contemporary account of the desire for a new kind of life." Thoreau speaks personally, positively, ironically, tenderly, humorously, brusquely at times, apparently convinced that, like a man, a sentence may be rich in proportion to the number of things it can afford to do without. He wrote once in his journal that he found "incessant labor with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, the best method to remove the palaver out of one's style." Students respond favorably to most of this. At times I am convinced that Thoreau penetrates, too, in even the sophisticate

youth, the unconscious, generating there some pensive insight into reserve forces yet unexercised. There is a dynamism about the man which, if he is properly launched, can put him into orbit in the modern student's mind and keep him circulating there indefinitely.

II

A believer in one's participating actively in his own education, I make the launching ceremony brief. Before I say much I want to know what the students think of Walden, what they discover there of the thought and literary practice of its author. Stanley Hyman's observation is to the point, that, "Central to any interpretation of Thoreau is Walden, both the experience of living by the pond and the book that reported it." My emphasis is on the book. I assign it far enough in advance that the students may have it read in its entirety previous to our discussion. I offer a few hints about errors that some may unwittingly fall into: that Thoreau is super-egotistical, that he is an enemy of material progress, that he is an idler, that he is dictatorial, that he is a misanthrope. I want them to hear him through without bias.

I suggest to the students that they read with four topics in mind for special consideration, topics which will be foci for the detail of Walden but which will serve also as objectives for concentration and so prevent confusion. I request that each reader, for instance, determine for himself the paramount issue in the book. The opening chapter, he will discover, is replete with issues: the basis of a true economy for man; the necessaries of life and whether, to live a full life, a man actually requires more; simplicity of living; man's need of faith for any true perspective of his situation; physical object and metaphysical derivative, as the workman's hoe tinkling against the stones and furnishing an accompaniment to his labor and yielding "an instant and immeasurable crop," a form of wealth which may come from a farm one cannot afford to buy; man and his environment; the desperate torpidity of men generally; the individual and society; material progress as represented by railroad, factory, and new means of communication, and as evaluated in terms of life bartered for them and the use to which they are put; purification; philanthropy; and finally man's potential and the possibility of his fulfilling it. "Man's capacities," says Thoreau, "have never been measured."

Does any one of these, during the course of the introductory chapter, begin to be a paramount issue? Does the enigmatic metaphor of hound, bay horse, and turtle-dove tie in with any one of them, or such phrases as "subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh," life's "finer fruits," "a divinity in man," "the sincere life passed within"? How pertinent to any one of the themes is the observation that "The life which men praise and regard as successful is but one kind. Why should we exaggerate any one kind at the expense of others?" How pertinent to any one issue are the symbols of sun and spring and dawn and ascension and awakening? Does any one of the issues persist through the remaining seventeen chapters? One thinks of a passage near the close: "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." I do not point out these matters when I make the assignment but urge the students to discover.

Another topic for concentration of thought is the unity of Walden and evidence of that unity. After the student has reached a conclusion of his own, I want him to read Matthiessen's "The New England Landscape" in American Renaissance and sections of Shanley's The Making of Walden, the latter for not only what it says of unity and structure in Walden but also for the lesson it brings home about revision as an aid to written communication.

My third topic is structural elements and their relationship to the main issue—"The Village," for example, posited as it is midway in the work; the two characters of consequence, the Canadian woodsman and John Field, presented at about equal intervals before and after the center, suggestively dissimilar, neither of them measuring up to Thoreau's standard of human accomplishment; the climactic nature of "Higher Laws"; similarities of opening and closing chapters; the recurring symbols; and always the contrasting forces and situations, which should help to enforce the paramount issue.

Finally, there is the matter of style, the manner of expression, and its appropriateness to the effective presentation of the theme. Here I work out with the class as I make the assignment a few definite essentials they may think about: diction; repetitive devices; allusions—their functions and the ease, or lack of it, with which the author makes them a part of the text; sentence pattern and cadence; range of feeling; and the sum of all these, the suggestion of vital, transforming movement or change, mentioned by Morse Peckham as one of the values inherent in Romanticism. I recall a morning when an undergraduate electrified the class, himself, and me with an analysis of the paragraph in Walden beginning, "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."

III

The discussion that follows the reading of the book is free and informal. If at any moment it threatens to drag I take part. I give it some guidance but never to the point of destroying spontaneity by insisting on my own views. Though the discussion will open perhaps on one of the four topics, I attempt unobtrusively, before it goes too far, to steer it toward a consideration of the topics not as separate integers but as constituents of an integrated work. Some students contribute nothing to the discussion; that is to be expected in a large class of men and women at various stages of specialized study. The ones who respond do so from the challenge to their minds by a problem. Some become sufficiently engrossed to turn in written expressions of their views. All discover, I believe, to a greater or lesser degree, the measurement of a good book and a Thoreau who is modern and who will remain so as long as men believe in a changing universe, in the value of "directing the eye right inward," in the competency of men to find new ways of living.

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ON TEACHING *WALDEN*

By WALTER HARDING

I look upon Thoreau's Walden as offering the greatest challenge to the teacher in any course in American literature. Although I have long since lost count of the number of times I have taught it—to freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, and graduate students—I have as yet to be satisfied with the way I have taught it. In general, I find myself vacillating between two extremes that might best be described as "losing sight of the forest for the trees" and "losing sight of the trees for the forest." In other words, sometimes I find myself getting so wrapped up in the details of Walden—explaining the allusions, identifying the quotations, and analyzing the sentences—that before I realize it, my class time is up and I have not gotten around to discussing Thoreau's philosophy as a whole.

Seemingly inevitably, the next time I teach Walden I find myself going to the opposite extreme in reaction and expending all my class time in discussing Thoreau's philosophy of life and then on the last day becoming aware of the fact that the class has been bewildered by the subtleties of his style and his allusions. Of the two extremes, I think the latter the preferable (although ironically and unfortunately the pedant latent in me more often leads me to practice the former extreme) because while Thoreau is unquestionably eminently important as a stylist, he is far more important as a thinker. His primary appeal to the student should be (and usually is) as a philosopher rather than as an artist.

But there is one stylistic matter that must be stressed by the teacher if the majority of his students are to appreciate Walden properly—or, in fact, in some cases, at all—and that is Thoreau's use of humor and, in particular, his use of irony. I know that to many it seems needless to stress that Thoreau had a sense of humor or that he had a habit of slipping frequently into an ironic vein. Seemingly it should be obvious to any reader on every page of Thoreau's works. But our students are taught to read literally, to accept the printed word—particularly if it is in a textbook—as fact. They meet no irony in their science textbooks or their mathematics textbooks; so they apparently assume that irony is nonexistent in any book that is assigned reading. (I cannot claim that they do not know of the existence of irony, for they seemingly have little difficulty in recognizing it in their extracurricular reading in Mad Comics.) But I constantly find myself amazed at the ability (and I think it is a real ability, even an art) of students to miss the irony of Walden and so, in turn, miss the significance—or worse, misinterpret the significance of the whole book and all that Thoreau stands for. Let me cite one example that occurred in one of my classes a year or two ago. A student opened the class discussion by denouncing Thoreau as the most bloodthirsty author he had run into in American literature. When I asked for the evidence for this to me decidedly shocking statement, he cited Thoreau's bitterly ironic statement in the chapter, "The Bean-Field": "I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish." I suppose that when we remember that when even as astute a critic as James Russell Lowell was blind enough to be able to state categorically: "Thoreau had no humor," we should not be too shocked when we discover our students missing it. But, nonetheless, I still find myself at least somewhat shocked.

It is for this reason that I find it difficult to understand why virtually all the current editions of Walden, including those specifically issued for use in the college classroom, have dropped the epigraph—"I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up."—from the title page, for that was Thoreau's obvious warning to his readers to be on the alert for his bragging, his irony, his exaggeration.

I cannot close this brief discussion

of Thoreau's humor without readily admitting there is a great danger that in attempting to avoid Scylla of the students' misunderstanding Thoreau's humor, the instructor may drift into the Charybdis of creating the impression among his students that neither he, the instructor, nor even Thoreau himself takes the philosophy of Walden seriously. But that is a calculated risk we have to take and I think the dangers involved can be avoided by a clear explanation that Thoreau's humor is a means of expounding his philosophy and not an end in itself.

In glancing back over this paper, I fear that my approach has been far too negative. I fear that I may have given the impression that teaching Walden is a chore. Nothing could be further from the truth. As I said in my opening paragraph, teaching Walden is a challenge--an exciting challenge, the real highpoint of the teaching year. It is true that I have never been satisfied with my teaching of it. But I don't think my failures have been absolute failures. There have always been, in every class, a few bright souls—non-conformists usually, as non-conformist as Thoreau himself—who have become infected by the spirit of the book, who in the words of Walden will be able to "date a new era in their lives from the reading of a book." And these few more than make up for all the failures.

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INTRODUCING THOREAU AS ARTIST AND MAN

By ALEXANDER KERN

Students have of late liked Thoreau's work increasingly and have shocked some of their professors by claiming that he is better than Emerson. This is understandable enough, because literary and intellectual streams are not now favorable to Emerson. Thoreau is less patently optimistic, his prose is metaphysical, his economic ideas are congenial to the depression generation, and his intransigent individualism appeals to those who are rebellious against the organization men and their system. But of course Thoreau's work is not liked by all readers, let alone students, and the negative response is likely to be violent. There is and should be no lecture technique which will avoid dislike of Thoreau and his work, but an important part of teaching is making general statements, both obvious and not so obvious, which will clear away the barriers between the student and his text. The rest of this essay will consist of comments of this sort—comments meant to explain why Thoreau seems sometimes ineffective.

One negative response to Thoreau's work is that of anguished disbelief. Surprisingly few students find him dull, though his compact, difficult style requires that the reader concentrate, and surprisingly many are shocked by Thoreau's boldness, at the beginning of Walden, say, into understanding his social views, whatever else they may miss. Many, amazed at what they find, are at first incredulous; when they discover that he means what he says, they decide he is crazy. The young American, not used to having his economic verities so mercilessly attacked and ridiculed, decides that only a madman could think in such a way.

This is but one of a series of attitudes which show an unwillingness to face and evaluate Thoreau's (or any attacker's) social criticism, and which show a common strategy, whether conscious or unconscious, of impugning the critic rather than answering his charges. Usually the technique involves ridicule, though it may take a more vigorous form. Dr. Holmes sought to reduce Thoreau to a comic figure by calling him one of those nullifiers of civilization who insist on nibbling their asparagus from the wrong end—and did a neat job of avoiding the issue. Lowell with more bitterness suggested that Thoreau mistook his own deficiencies for cosmic virtues. The business world's attack is that he never met a payroll. Some writers drolly point out that he was a hermit with comforts, that Walden was within hearing of Mrs. Emerson's dinner horn. Whether it is to avoid the need to think through the validity of his indictment or merely to express a distaste for his personality, the simplest technique is to denigrate the man—to claim he was an irritating egotist, that he had a cold and bristling personality, that he was a latent homosexual, and that his career was a failure —his life ending in increasing frustration. It is worth telling students that these are stock arguments of conservatives against social critics, who are, of course, unlikely to be gentlemen with polished manners.

It would be false to deny all these adverse claims, but the teacher can point out what part Thoreau's irritating qualities played in producing work which is still read. Thoreau was a difficult man, but one way of putting the case is stating that his intransigent personality was the price he paid—and that we pay—for some of his major achievements. Whatever else Thoreau may be, he is, along with Alexis de Tocqueville and Thorstein Veblen, one of the greatest critics of America. Of these, de Tocqueville retained objectivity as a Frenchman interested in his own country, while Veblen and Thoreau achieved de-

tachment for similar reasons: both remained outsiders uncommitted to the standard values, and both paid the price of eccentricity for this angle of vision.

If the teacher believes it, he can also point out that Thoreau's crusty personality does not indicate that he was inherently and irrevocably a nasty man. It is especially while assuming an audience that his self-consciousness comes to the fore, as it does in the beginning of Walden, or even late in his life in "The Succession of Forest Trees." But Thoreau is still read, because the irritating attitude is not always there; it is not in the great concluding chapters of Walden, and it is not in "Wild Apples" which, as Sherman Paul says, is a serene distillation in which the whole can be taken as symbolizing his career rather than his hopes only—the tree growing its own thorny fence and producing in its protected center fruit which is finally sweetened by exposure to the elements.

Even if the professor does not like Thoreau's personality, he can point to some reasons why it grew and, what is more to the point, he is obligated to show how it is expressed in the works. Thus the important thing is not what the facts of Thoreau's life may have been, but what he felt about them. Whether or not he was looked down upon at Harvard and later at Concord, he felt that he was disapproved. So his literary stance became a fighting position and his offensiveness was mainly defensive. When he failed, he pretended he did not mind. But another result was that the failures caused him to reorganize his life according to his principles. The result was tremendously important, for it gave him something to write about. Finally it is obvious to professors of literature, most of whom now have colleagues who are creative writers, that artists need to believe in what they are doing. Saying this to students will help them to see that Thoreau's egocentrism helped in the end to produce his work and that again his intransigence is the price of his achievement.

There is another set of criticisms, or more properly of critical questions, which require different treatment. These include considerations of whether Thoreau was consistent and whether he made vitiating compromises during his career. Here the teacher ought to raise the questions without providing pat answers. What should be the individualist's place in society? To what extent should he submit and accept? To what extent rebel? Or to put the questions another way: How consistent is the average man? What does compromise between ideals and reality mean for most people? What do we think of Socrates' sense of family responsibility?

At this point it is safe to suggest that the teacher can make some obvious statements which help account for Thoreau's lasting appeal. One is that with him it was not a question of nature or civilization; he wanted the advantages of nature and civilization. He did not go back to the woods permanently, but returned from Walden. This is why he attracts so many people of sophistication—men like Joseph Wood Krutch, like the frustrated newspaper editors who quote him, like the urbanites who return to nature for their vacations. Neither he nor they want to give up the cultural tradition. Again it should be made clear that one need not be a Transcendentalist to be interested in Thoreau's vivid and intimate treatment of nature nor to take seriously his social views. A kind of suspension of disbelief can operate in both instances. Finally, it is worth while to point out that through his reenforcing effect on Gandhi, Thoreau has influenced the lives of more people than any American author.

So far the emphasis has been on the man and his attitudes, but Thoreau is of interest only because he wrote. Despite the peculiar Transcendentalist theory that life is more important than art, had Thoreau not written Walden and "Civil Disobedience," he would be no better known than Stearns Wheeler. This means that his work must be judged not only as thought but as art. Again, obvious statements by the teacher can help the student to reach a balanced aesthetic judgment. Thoreau's technique of composing a work by mining his journals should be pointed out so that the expectation of the tightness of a modern short story is not set up. Thoreau's absence of organization, certainly a defect, can equally certainly be exaggerated. Walden is regarded by nearly every teacher as a single work which shows more coherence than a volume of Emerson's Essays though both began as journal entries. Moreover, it should be said that Thoreau's literary style is certainly one of the best yet produced in America. In Walden he forged an instrument of flexibility, toughness, elevation, and homely concreteness which has hardly been surpassed. This, of course, means prose as prose, since narrative techniques can build to emotional effects which are not open to the lyrical or essayistic. But this is a different thing from saying that Melville's prose style is better.

In summary, while it is not easy to separate an author from his work, it is on the writing that emphasis should primarily be placed. It is a temptation to belabor Thoreau's peculiarities if one dislikes them, or to claim excessive sweetness if one is attracted by the man. But

scholars know about the genetic fallacy and should act accordingly. The teacher should lead the student to an understanding of the work, and this will adequately earn the response which it deserves.

—State University of Iowa.

THOREAU AND INDIVIDUALISM TODAY

By KENNETH KURTZ

Thoreau was essentially a moral essayist and the conduct of life was his theme. Central to his system was the idea that the individual must act as sovereign and self-sufficient in respect to society and to its organized power, the state. Back of this idea lay a congeries of notions about the individual which were characteristic of romantic thought. Some of these were old, many of them current in his day, and none novel. Most of them, like the embracing concept that the individual is primary, are out of key with our own times. This fact raises the question: how relevant is Thoreau for us today?

There is philosophical anarchism: "I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw, and stand aloof from it effectually.... I quietly declare war with the State." There is romantic aesthetic withdrawal into the "real" world of the free mind: "If a man is thought-free, fancy-free, imagination-free...unwise rulers or reformers cannot fatally corrupt him." This romantic stance, hopeful and self-confident, differs from the more grim existentialism of our day, and has no relation to the posturing of the "beatniks". There is the Socratic and Christian assertion of the supremacy of moral law over the state: "I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also." In the last twenty years we have accepted, with no moral outcry, the state's saturation bombing of cities, and are preparing through the state's policy to destroy, if need arises, a large section of mankind. "Action from principle...not only divides states and churches, it divides families; ay, it divides the individual, separating the diabolical in him from the divine." Moral principle is different from a Gallup Poll as authority for action. There is the romantic's retreat to the simple life on the land: "How much more respectable is the life of the solitary pioneer or settler, having real difficulties, not of his own creation, drawing his subsistence directly from nature—than that of the helpless multitudes in towns, who depend on gratifying the extremely artificial wants of society and are thrown out of employment by hard times." Today we are a metropolitan people, dedicated to production and subject to economic depressions. Our small agricultural minority works the land commercially for a world market and is chained to the economic system far more than Thoreau's farmer neighbors, carrying their barns on their shoulders, were chained. In Thoreau's concept of the conduct of life there is romantic idealization of vagabondage, later to be rendered lyrically by Whitman and Vachel Lindsay. Anyone may travel "who can subsist on the wild fruits and game of the most cultivated country. A man may travel fast enough and earn his living on the road...do tinkering and repair clocks...go into a factory...assist in haying.... The cheapest way to travel is to go afoot, carrying a dipper, a spoon, and a fish-line, some Indian meal, some salt, and some sugar.... I have traveled thus some hundreds of miles without taking a meal at a house, sleeping on the ground when convenient, and found it cheaper, and in many respects more profitable, than staying at home." Today Thoreau would probably be arrested as a vagrant.

There is Transcendentalism. Innocent of modern psychology or social studies, Thoreau believed that man is the measure of all things, not their product. "The universe is a sphere whose center is... wherever there is intelligence. The sun is not so central as a man." Nature is spirit, and the individual is mystically at one with it: "Sometimes a mortal feels in himself Nature, not his Father but his Mother stirs within him, and he becomes immortal by her immortality." And there is the romantic sense of wonder: "I see, smell, taste, hear that everlasting Something to which we are all allied...the actual glory of the universe." There is the romantic's theory of daemonic inspiration of talented individuals, an explanation of insight not by cybernetic but on celestial principles: "The writing...of genius...is above criticism.... It is sacred, and to be read with reverence.... It is the stream of inspiration, which bubbles out ...now in this man, now in that...but ever the same." And the romantic corollary which is Thoreau's justification for a bristling non-conformity: "To the rarest genius it is the most expensive to succumb and conform to the ways of the world."

Thoreau's concept of the self and of the proper conduct of life is something of a summation of the high tide of romanticism a hundred years ago, before the great tidal changes of industrialism and scientism brought forth the new nation which we are today. He vivified these ideas with illustrations drawn from contemporary American characters and homely experiences, so fresh and so pertinent to his theme that he seems to speak incontrovertible truth. But the trick is in the style and in the sincerity. I do not mean that he lacks

truth, for as Matthiessen notes, "his vitality as a revolutionary is still unexhausted." But changes in our condition since Thoreau's day have been fundamental and his truths may not always be ours.

How great these changes are may be suggested by a few symbols of our modernity. There is the traffic light, which sets the tempo and rhythm of our lives. Can one imagine Thoreau negotiating cheerfully any ten blocks in a modern business district? There are the ubiquitous "No Trespassing" signs blanketing the continent, including the national forests and parks which are our last playgrounds. The free huckleberry patches are gone, and gone is the rural Wanderjahre, which expanded the Thoreauvian soul and was embodied in the saga of Huck Finn. "These old meandering, dry, uninhabited roads which lead away from towns... where travelers are not too often to be met; where any spirit is free...which have long reaches where you can see the approaching traveler half a mile off...where earth is cheap enough by being public; where you can walk and think with least obstruction, there being nothing to measure progress by ...." These rural roads have become the main streets and freeways of 1960. "I can easily walk ten, fifteen, twenty, any number of miles, commencing at my own door, without going by any house.... There are square miles in my vicinity which have no inhabitant." Where Thoreau, Audubon, Burroughs, and John Muir walked, automobiles wreathe their noxious fumes and campsites are allocated by the square foot. Accessible solitude is, for all practical purposes, gone. We live thick and in each other's way, not from spiritual sloth, as Thoreau held, but from immutable population pressures. There is the call from the draft board, so different in its implications from the call of the poll-tax collector. And there is the modern income tax, a tithe of the day's wage taken before possession, rather than given freely in civic pride and duty. Today one serves rather than cooperates with the state. In Thoreau's day a man could, if cramped, move to huge areas which were, practically speaking, outside the jurisdiction of government—Utah, California, the Southwest, the Northwest. Today there is no such place. Even a man on the high seas without a passport is lost. One's integration in society is one's life.

William H. Whyte's The Organization Man and the studies of David Riesman are suggestive of how far we have moved away from Thoreau's world of rural freedom and psychological and spiritual self-dependence. Conformity is no longer a matter of blindness or complacency, as Thoreau pictured it, but a matter of personal survival in an integrated economy. The general will, not the individual will, rules our lives, and apparently to a large degree this must be so. The schools educate for "adjustment;" psychological testing is used to identify one's capabilities and hence one's status; corporations mold the character of employees and even of their wives. We live in a system of society which leaves the individual no room for maneuver. And, if Riesman is correct in his diagnosis, most people respond eagerly to these pressures to conform. Confronted with the horror of psychological isolation in an atomistic society, they want to belong.

Thoreau assessed all things in terms of the first person singular. He sought to mold society to the self, by an act of personal will, even if it meant going to jail. We seek to mold the individual to society, by cultural pressures that express the social will, and by compulsion if necessary. Thoreau's source of authority was the moral law; our source of authority is societal needs and the general will, morality having evaporated into mores.

These, then, are two contrasting worlds in many respects. Teachers and critics who interpret Thoreau face a task more difficult than they may be aware of. We may assume too easily that he is a brave and relevant voice speaking directly to our needs today the simple, homely truths we have forgotten. But in fact his ideas, feelings, and values belong to a different cultural period. His concrete examples are drawn from a life almost as foreign to readers living in today's urban world as is the land of the Phaeacians in The Odyssey. They have not lived with wild animals, plants, and birds. The relationships within the village circle are strange in a world of mobile population and impersonal bureaucracies. The sense of space measured in the soles of the feet, and even a true sense of the seasons, is unknown to those who ride in auto and jet. But perhaps the greatest change has been a shift of the modern sensibility away from recognition of moral responsibility for one's life, away from a sense of high spiritual personal destiny.

It is difficult to translate Thoreau into the terminology of modern experience, the more so in that unlike less "modern" writers, such as Emerson and Hawthorne, he does not seem to need translating. To communicate his valiant message to a well-adjusted audience who have accepted the traffic light, the deducted income tax, conscription, and the I. Q. test as elements natural to the condition of man, requires a lively historical imagination and a keen sensitivity to values.

—Occidental College

WALDEN AS TRANSCENDENTAL PASTORAL

By LEO MARX

In the introductory course of lectures on American literature, I look at Walden in two ways. The first is an historical close-up. Here I use the familiar approach by way of "the age," Transcendentalism and, to be specific, Emerson. Naturally, these matters take up most of my time. Nevertheless, I find it necessary, at some point, to step back and place the book in the full sweep of our literature. Otherwise Walden may seem the work of a far more parochial imagination than it is. If the book is a putting-to-the-test of Emersonian doctrine, it is also a relatively pure expression of the pastoral motive that makes itself felt everywhere in native writing.

But, first, the Transcendental close-up. To prepare the ground I stress Emerson's view of the connections between word, natural fact and spiritual fact—or meaning. It is not easy to get across the notion that Thoreau's style, his literary method itself, is a test of the Transcendental mode of perception. The method is a special kind of attack upon reality. To make this clear one must demonstrate that certain presuppositions dictate Thoreau's choice of events and words. The only way I know to do this is to focus upon a few representative passages. One of the best is the account, near the beginning of "The Ponds," of fishing at night. What is especially vivid here is the tantalizing sense of a dark mystery lurking below—at the invisible end of the line. It is as if, Thoreau says, there were a "dull undertain blundering purpose there." I like to concentrate for a moment upon these carefully chosen, skeptical adjectives, the solemn gathering of portents, and then, the wonderfully sharp and witty anti-climax: the horned pout that comes squeaking and squirming to the surface. In the next paragraph he describes his effort to determine the actual color of the water in the pond. The passage offers a chance to discuss the use of the color metaphor of ambiguity, and to point toward the whiteness of the whale. Which reminds me of the chase of the loon in "Brute Neighbors," the taut, comic episode that ends with the bird's demoniac laughter ringing across the pond. "I concluded," Thoreau says, "that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources." Or I consider the haunting attempt to recover the "lost bottom" of the pond by taking soundings through the ice. Each of these passages is quite different, yet they all illustrate the method; they all turn upon a distinction between what is above and below the surface, what is accessible to the senses and what is not; in short, they all dramatize the difficulty of matching fact with desire.

Few books lend themselves so well to close reading. If the student can see what is going on at one point, he should be able to grasp the whole. Curiously enough, the teaching method that works best is itself a corollary of the writer's art. That is to say, one gets nowhere merely by telling students what Thoreau's method is; somehow one must put them in a position to discover the method back of the words on the page. They must see how the theory shapes the writing. If we Transcendentalists are correct, Thoreau is saying, then the effect of this work upon you, readers, will be the proof. Not that the only test of the doctrine is aesthetic; one might try it out in the pulpit, or a model community or an experimental school or leading an attack on Harper's Ferry. That is simply a question of vocation. But right here, confronted by Walden, we are asked to use literary efficacy as a test of a theory of reality. In the end, accordingly, all the problems of understanding the book converge, so that every serious reader must finally face the same question. It is a question that Thoreau sets, and it may be phrased in a number of ways. Does the book help us to close the circuit between the world of things and the world of ideas? (Walden, after all, is designed as an instrument of conversion.) When we have finished are we more acceptant of the doctrine of correspondence? Or, to put the question in a simpler and more literary form, does the book come together in the end? What I am suggesting is that Thoreau would have us take the degree of organic unity in Walden as a valid measure not only of the work, but of the general hypothesis of self-reliance.

At this point a wise student may ask about the didactic "Conclusion." Was it really necessary? Why? He finds it difficult to believe that this is the same voice we hear in the "other" ending, the magnificent metaphysical poem, "Spring." In fact, he observes, we seem to hear two voices throughout. First, there is the tight-lipped, skeptical, indirect Thoreau, the man who calmly reports the derision of the loon. But then there is the Thoreau who talks like a New England saint. We hear the pious tone not only in the "Conclusion," but even more clearly in "Higher Laws," preaching at us about our "slimy, beastly life, eating and drinking." One voice uses the idiom of metaphor, but the other issues point-blank instructions. Can there be unity so long as we hear them both? The teacher may allow the student to answer the question for himself. Whether the two voices ever become harmonious is another way of stating the central problem. But one might add a final suggestion. It is always possible that the literary method works, in the imperfect way

that the best literary methods will work, but that we still cannot grant Thoreau the kind of total confirmation he sought. One may agree that he puts us in touch with a new way of experiencing the world, in a word, with a reality, and that Walden is therefore a great book, even if the reality it contains is not the reality that Emerson and the Transcendentalists had in view.

But one should not stop here. Walden is also, as I said, a fine example of American pastoral. By "pastoral" I refer to works more or less dominated by an impulse, in the face of civilization's encroaching power, to recoil in the direction of (but by no means all the way to) nature. The impulse, needless to say, is not peculiar to American experience. Indeed, one advantage of stressing this theme is that it firmly sets native writing within one of the oldest literary traditions in western culture. From the time of Virgil, a characteristic symbol of the pastoral ideal has been a landscape, like Thoreau's bean-field, which lies somewhere between advanced civilization and raw nature. "Mine was," Thoreau says, "as it were, the connecting link between wild and cultivated fields; as some states are civilized, and others half-civilized, and others savage or barbarous, so my field was, though not in a bad sense, a half-cultivated field." With a few minor changes this passage would serve as a description of Thomas Jefferson's ideal Virginia.

I relate Walden to that characteristic American notion of an ideal half-way house between the over-civilization of Europe and the barbarism of the western tribes. And this idea suggests the difference between American and traditional expressions of the pastoral impulse. We tend to think of pastoral as an excessively artificial and "unreal" mode. Traditionally, the pastoral landscape is not a real place, but a never-never land where the shepherds prove, in the end, to have been courtiers in disguise. This ideal can only be advanced ironically. But the age of exploration makes possible a new feeling about the pastoral landscape. In a brave new world one might take the utopian dream seriously. Hence the prehistoric terrain of America imparts a fresh credibility to the idea of a new beginning. "The sun rose clear," Thoreau reminds us. But he also feels that he was born in the nick of time, and the sound of the railroad engine in the woods tells of that urgency. The machine is for Thoreau an emblem of civilization's newly acquired power. As the train moves off into the woods, he hears sheep bleating in one of the cars, and so, he remarks, "is your pastoral life whirled past and away."*

To leave Concord and move "west," toward wildness, has psychological as well as historical meaning for Thoreau. Nowhere does he make his hunger for wildness so dramatic as in the "woodchuck" passage at the beginning of "Higher Laws." At times, he says, he abandons himself to his appetites and ranges the woods like a half-starved hound. But wildness is a kind of tonic, not a value in itself. We need it, but not too much of it. "I found in myself," he says, "and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive rank and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good." We seldom hear this primitivist note in traditional pastoral; its presence here may be attributed to the special conditions of life in America. The pastoral ideal always had embodied the best of both worlds, the sophisticated and the simple. What makes the American version different is that here, momentarily, this aspiration can be taken seriously. It is a dream of balance between instinct and idea, suggesting the golden mean as well as the golden age. Raising beans, Thoreau says, helps him to "clothe the fabulous landscape of . . . [his] infant dreams . . ." The field, like the new land, is a prime source of meaning and value. "I was determined to know beans." It is a homely, transcendentalist version of that ideal landscape which took hold of the American imagination in the era of settlement and, if the testimony of our writers may be trusted, has not yet lost its hold.

—Amherst College

* I discuss the relation between Thoreau and the pastoral theme at greater length in "Two Kingdoms of Force," Massachusetts Review, I (October, 1959), pages 62-95.

THOREAU IN THE UNDERGRADUATE SURVEY COURSE

By Andrew Schiller

Commonly, the undergraduate finds Thoreau incomprehensible or ridiculous (which may be the same thing) because he cannot identify Thoreau's problems with his own. Thoreau strikes him as an alien character in a strange world. Explication of the text is not enough. Even when the student understands the words, he is baffled by the attitudes. To be sure, both intensive and extensive reading of the author are a sine qua non, but to what end? It is no good to thrust the young fellow's nose into Walden and to keep rubbing it until he understands. In my experience, he will not understand unless you provide a historical rationale within which both Thoreau and ourselves form part of a pattern.

For this reason point of view is all-important, and the question is not only how to teach Thoreau, but how to teach around him. And Thoreau is but an aggravated case of a general malady of the "period course," namely the absence of thematic spine, the apparent discreteness of the authors studied; whether cause or effect, an inescapable culprit is the mammoth anthology which imposes the travelogue formula. ("And so we take our leave of Mr. Emerson. Next week, Thoreau.") One obvious remedy is to bind the course together under the rubrics of a few major themes, and the fewer the better. Admittedly, this will result in an oversimplification of the material, but this is not necessarily bad. An oversimple system is at least a system; it will better enable the students to grasp the conflict and flow of literary expression than a formless mass of raw data or isolated esthetic judgments. Given even a rough system, the student will be equipped to refine his generalizations as he continues to read. There is no harm in telling him frankly what you are doing, that these things are not quite true because they are not quite so simple. After all, this is how he learns chemistry and economics.

I may seem to be arguing for the "American Civilization" course over the conventional literary history course, but I am not. True, Thoreau is not so purely belletristic an author as Poe or Charles Brockden Brown, but we cannot interpret the word "literary" too narrowly. Purely esthetic criticism is not the proper subject matter of the period course. Nor, at the other extreme, have we any business teaching history instead of literature. American literature is the distillate of American history, and as such it <u>is</u> American history, as truly as the battles, the tariffs, the elections and the scandals. And as histories go, ours has been short, a fact which has certain consequences: it has a singleness of direction approaching artistic unity, a thematic concentration which has crystallized into a mythos, a cluster of major themes with which most of our literature has been in some way concerned. Thoreau, from this point of view, is a central figure. Literally, one can use him as a fulcrum, a pivot-point for the entire course.

The key theme I have in mind is the constant conflict between the centripetal and centrifugal forces in American society—the rooted and the rootless, the settler and the frontiersman, the inward looking and the outward, the New England peddler and the New England saint, the joiner and the rebel, the Babbitt and the Beat. Literature which touches this theme in any significant way is historically important, even though it may be esthetically trivial. Thus, the Horatio Alger books are important. Conversely, literature may be esthetically significant but remain peripheral and isolated if it stands aloof from the vital themes of American life or at best participates negatively, as Robert Spiller says, by escaping from it into dreams and fantasies. Of this, Poe's poetry is an example. But of the very first importance is that literature which is both in the mainstream of our history and of highest esthetic consequence. Here is Thoreau.

There is a paradoxical realm of being in which you are most famous when you are no longer known. An author can be so familiar that he no longer needs to be read. Nearly everyone prattles of Darwin, Freud, and Marx; almost nobody reads them. So, too, Horatio Alger has passed out of print because he doesn't need to be in print. And really, we don't learn much by reading him: the myth has preserved the essence. But the situation is otherwise with Thoreau. In the mythic figure of the solitary man at the edge of the pond we have lost too much. We do this to our heroes—the boyhood images of Washington and the cherry tree, Ben Franklin chewing his roll as he walks down the Philadelphia street, Abe Lincoln scrawling on the shovel by firelight—examples all of the poetic need to particularize into an image, the folk-need to abstract the opacity of life to the cartoon.

As with Horatio Alger, the student feels (but wrongly) that he knows without reading the text, all he needs to know. He may enjoy the lecture more than the text itself, for the lecturer makes clear (if not simple) what in Thoreau is all perversity, indirections, metaphysics and crankiness. A Pyrrhic victory for the professor! Thoreau, in a word, seems to the student to be unreal. He finds it hard to believe that this man really did and wrote and believed all this. What we need is a point of contact which will establish Thoreau in the historical continuum, and this, for convenience, I find at present in the Beat Generation.

Such an improbable, even grotesque, comparison makes some sense when it is pressed beyond the fact that Thoreau grew a beard and wore disreputable clothes. His basic orientation was centrifugal rather than centripetal. He fled from society (and his Walden retreat was simply the grand symbol of that act) in a spiritual sense. Like his Puritan forebears, his flight to the perimeter of the world was not a negative act of rejection but a positive act of creation. He went to Walden for the good reason that he wished to create a New

World. The Calvinist theocratic Zion had become for Thoreau the Transcendental Utopia, the ultimate anarchy of each man his own country.

Thoreau, like every American before and since, had to create anew his image of the Noble Savage. For him this meant the rejection of the traditional values of his society, the sanctity of property, the virtue of endeavor, the morality of the ant colony—in short, the Protestant ethic. Overboard with it went the admiration of technology and creature comfort as a good in itself. In its place he accepted a stoic-hedonist philosophy supported by an other-worldly orientalism. His was a spirit-centered rather than a money-centered ideal, which in itself was a protest against a society in which things were in the saddle and riding mankind.

Thus far, the analogy with the Beatniks is surprisingly close, but there are also significant differences. The Beatniks seem to have no very clear positive philosophy. They are, by and large, asocial, apolitical, amoral. But Thoreau was quite clear about what he was both for and against, and indeed was a political activist. He was, as Gandhi proved, as practical a revolutionary as Lenin.

More and more clearly, Thoreau becomes a mythic pole in our culture. From the start, it seems, our opposing cultural forces have been the Bohemian and the Organization Man. Contrast Natty Bumppo, Henry Thoreau, Huck Finn—the rebels, the "wild ones"—with the Puritan theocrats, the Founding Fathers, the Horatio Alger heroes. Julius the Shoeshine Boy represents the urge to conform, to get on, to belong, to be a solid citizen, a "square"—and his name for us has become Babbitt. Huck Finn is his opposite in fiction—the rebellious Noble Savage, implacable enemy of "sivilization"—and in life his name will be imperishably Thoreau.

In the light of this tension in our history, the constant warfare between the Babbitt and the Bohemian, Thoreau takes on a new dimension. We realize that the expatriate, a curiously persistent figure in the history of our immigrant nation since colonial times, is one aspect of the centrifugal force of which Thoreau is an archetype. He is the counterforce to the regionalist, the lawmaker, the empire builder, the joiner. He is the living evidence that the frontier of the spirit at least is never closed, that there is always unexplored land over the horizon. Thoreau was an expatriate who emigrated to Walden Pond and the countries of the mind. He travelled much in Concord and viewed his America as from another planet.

So much that we have to say about American literature can be bounced and echoed against Thoreau that he ought not, I think, merely to be sandwiched between Waldo and Walt. Rather, I suggest that the Thoreau readings be spaced out appropriately through the entire course as a persistent thematic base. This procedure offers the practical advantage of spreading out what is otherwise (for most undergraduates) a formidable reading assignment. But this is the least of its advantages. I conceive of Thoreau in the role of the Greek chorus, who both stands apart from and participates in the unfolding drama. It is in this sense—as a point of view—that Thoreau can become not the chief obstacle but the key to the entire course in American literature. Through him the catalogue description "survey" can take on fresh meaning.

—University of Illinois.

THOREAU FOR EVERYONE

By ETHEL SEYBOLD

We have only one course in American literature at Illinois College with all classifications of students in it. Mostly they are sophomores with a liberal sprinkling of juniors and a few seniors. For the large group who are fulfilling their college literature requirement and who need a fairly elementary introduction to literature, the first semester is a straight survey course, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the early and traditional writers of the nineteenth century. At the beginning of the second semester, when our majors enter the course, it becomes a study of eight nineteenth-century figures. For the first semester, we use a standard anthology; for the second, we have allowed ourselves some extravagance in texts, using the individual author anthologies of the American Writers Series (now, alas, out of print), a number of complete works (Walden for Thoreau), and assigned readings from a reserve shelf (for Thoreau, from the Letters and Journal). But I think that we could do essentially the same thing if necessary with less reading: with Walden, or even part of it, with "Walking,"—that I could not give up—and with some sampling of letters and journal, particularly the journal of the early 1850's.

For there is no real problem in presenting Thoreau to undergraduates; they like him to begin with; they even fancy they understand him. After Emerson, he is easy, they think. His sentences are simple and clear; his vocabulary is con-

crete; he is obviously a down-to-earth man with know-how and common sense. Their study of his life and some reading in letters and journal confirm them in this favorable opinion. Here is a man whose judgment they can trust: no minister or professional lecturer, uttering vague aspiration and inspiration, but a competent surveyor and good carpenter, amused by Alcott's butter-fingered bungling, indifferent (like themselves) to systems of philosophy, given to observation rather than to theorizing. They may have one slightly patronizing misconception about him, however, regarding him as a bit queer and shiftless, without that most American of all qualities, ambition. Now is the time for the instructor to demonstrate to them, again through the letters and journal, that Thoreau was not a loafer because he did not "betake himself at once and desperately to sawing," that he was "not without employment," that he was indeed marching resolutely although he stepped to a drummer that they had never heard.

Their reaction is curiosity and interest. It is not necessary then to devise ways to make Thoreau palatable or comprehensible; it is necessary only to consider selection and emphasis of content.

I do not emphasize Thoreau's transcendentalism or his political views or his love of nature or his classicism or his Indian lore. I choose to use him rather as he would delight to be used, as an eye-opener, a means of showing young people that "Thank heaven, here is not all the world." I do not suppose that my students are very different from most other college students—being largely Middlewesterners and only a few generations removed from a pioneer society, they may be somewhat more practical and materialistic than their contemporaries in areas that have been settled longer—but they, like young people everywhere, tend to be nearsighted, to believe that their world is the world and that their views are universal. They are all looking forward to a well-paid job, marriage, a "nice" home and family, and one or more late-model cars. With unthinking unanimity, they have assumed that these are the stuff of life. They are exactly the people to whom Thoreau was writing in Walden, who, he said, had adopted Christianity as an improved method of agriculture and who were busy building mansions for this world and tombs for the next.

Now, for perhaps the first time in their lives, their minds are open to ideas "strange, heretical, and unpopular." Walden is full of such ideas.

"I see young men," says Thoreau, "whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms." Imagine, as Thoreau would also say, saying that to a Middlewestern audience, accustomed since childhood to hearing their fathers boast of plans to leave each child a farm! Owning a farm a misfortune!

"I had three pieces of limestone on my desk," says Thoreau, "but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house?" This, to young women who have come to college to find a husband, and whose idea of earthly happiness is a life of housekeeping and bridge playing!

Men or women, they are all by their own confession in college because they believe that a college education will enable them to "make a better living." But Thoreau asks, "Have not we our everlasting life to get?"

Not many students will refuse their inheritances because of Thoreau, but some may buy books instead of furniture. Only a few will be interested in getting their everlasting life, but some will be stimulated, at least, into a sharper sense of living now; for they seem sometimes so encased in habit and routine as to be unaware both of the world about them and of themselves. Thoreau awakes them to the pleasures of sight and sound and the blood flowing in their veins. He urges them to feel their life. "In youth," he says, "before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and its refreshment were sweet to me." This to young people who actually drive their cars across the street rather than walk! "He who distinguishes the true savor of his food can never be a glutton; he who does not cannot be otherwise." This to the bolters of hamburgers and the guzzlers of malts! Thoreau's temperance is positive, not negative. "I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven." He does not want to miss the fresh reality of life.

Walden is full of the morning, both literally and figuratively. "I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond.... Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me." "...think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee...." This to the student who forgot to set his alarm clock, missed his shower, gulped his warm coffee in the stale dinginess of the student union, and is now sitting in an eight-o'clock class, trying desperately not to wake up!

Thoreau can wake students up, to the pleasure of being alive and to the pleasure of new ideas. He wakes them at least to the discovery that literature as they meet it in college courses has some connection with their lives. Occasionally he wakes a student to the questions of his own mind and the pleasures of speculation and investigation: Why should a rose smell sweeter than a dead horse? Why does the eye like to dwell on natural forms? If we had sharper senses, would we inhabit another world? If the bee sees only four colors, is the color range of the human eye also partial? Perhaps the other world and God are all around us, and we lack perception.

For the speculative student, the journal of the early 1850's and "Walking" are important, for they record Thoreau's own speculations and conclusions, and assure the young thinker that a life of thought and investigation is not misspent. Thoreau serves the student exactly as he once said that Zoroaster could serve a modern reader, reassuring him that someone has traveled the road before him, that it is open to traffic, that there are no insuperable obstacles, and that it does not come to a dead end.

I have refused to talk much about technique in teaching Thoreau and have concentrated instead on selection of material, but I think that acceptance of any author depends heavily on the reader's ability to identify himself with the writer or to feel a sense of acquaintanceship with him. Because of the personal quality of Thoreau's writing, the student can acquire a sense of familiarity with him much more easily than with Emerson or Alcott, for example; and so the instructor has less need to materialize Thoreau for the class. For many years, however, in an effort to make Transcendentalism substantial, I have given my American literature classes a great deal of localized information about Emerson's and Alcott's visits to town and campus here, where they stayed, who entertained them, what they said, and how the newspapers reported their lectures and conversations. This procedure is not very easily applicable to Thoreau, who stayed home; still my students are pleased to know what Alcott said about Thoreau in Jacksonville. They feel as though they had heard of someone who knew someone who knew Thoreau in the flesh!

—Illinois College.

THE ESSENTIAL ROMANTICISM OF THOREAU'S *WALDEN*

By CARL F. STRAUCH

Recent scholarship justifies the view that among prose works of the Romantic school in English perhaps not even Sartor Resartus is more eligible to be regarded as the supreme embodiment of Romantic doctrines than is Thoreau's Walden; and after the instructor has prepared the student to meet this curiously misprised book halfway then its unsuspected range and depth may be explored. For the miracle of Thoreau's accomplishment lies in his having converted such seemingly commonplace resources to such germinal uses and results. But the starting point in understanding Walden is to be found neither in several acres of woodland surrounding a lake nor in the economies that must daunt the fin-tailed aspirations of the crew-cut intellect. It lies rather in the Romantic conception of man as a microcosm possessing a spiritual geography to match the physical geography—"the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone," as Thoreau put it in his "Conclusion."

From beginning to end such water imagery provides one set of metaphoric terms for the theme of self-exploration and discovery. Thoreau's classic statement of where he lived and what he lived for receives immediate development in the remark that Time is but the stream Thoreau goes a-fishing in. And if in the same early chapter "the earth is not continent but insular," in "The Conclusion" once again, "a tide rises and falls behind every man" and "the life in us is like the water in a river." This imagery shapes the symbolic meaning of Walden Pond, to which Thoreau devotes the explorative chapter at the heart of the book, for in the pond "the beholder measures the depth of his own nature." If subsequently Thoreau sounds Walden, the physical act is symbolical in a universal and intricate system of correspondences.

The pickerel extend the range of metaphor, as Thoreau seeks ever new images to portray his sense of the microcosm or nature in leasts. They do, of course, suggest a larger geography than Walden, for in their unusual beauty they are as foreign as Arabia; but they also represent Walden, for if the pond, in his word play, is "a gem of the first water," they are correspondingly gem-like. Indeed, they are "animalized nuclei or crystals" of Walden. Seed, kernel (as in the marvellous phrase, "the black kernel of the night"), germ, and leaf are other metaphors that contribute to the unfolding of the theme of self-discovery in terms of the microcosm; and the culminating metaphor in the pattern is man's own Genius.

This second group of images suggests, in turn, the Romantic doctrines of the

organic and rebirth or awakening. In the fanciful portrayal of the leaf-work of nature in the sand of the railroad cut Thoreau brings the two themes together. "You find thus in the very sands an anticipation of the vegetable leaf. No wonder that the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, it so labours with the idea inwardly." In the last two chapters Thoreau presses on with a startling urgency to announce rebirth, awakening, immortality; and if the spring thaw creates symbolic leaf forms in sand, ever resurgent life will burst forth from something as dead as the leaf of an old table in the form of a beautiful bug, the egg of which had been deposited in the living tree many years before.

Given our own proper seed, our Genius, we may expand our sympathies up and down the scale of creation; and in this development of Walden the instructor has the opportunity of eliciting a corresponding sympathy from his students, for no other book that soars so high is at the same time so sturdily founded upon the senses touched with imaginative tenderness. The Protean transmutations start at the close of chapter two, where Thoreau says that with his head (intellect) he will burrow through the hills and make his way into the secret of things. Thereafter identity with nature through sympathy or metamorphosis fills the chapters with a brimming satisfaction. Like the sparrow with its trill, he had his "chuckle or suppressed warble." He sympathized with the fluttering alders and the pine needles as he stood shirt-sleeved (before Whitman) in the midst of nature. He observed how the ponds sympathized. In a lake of rainbow light he lived like a dolphin. Ranging the woods like a half-starved hound, he was ready to seize and devour a woodchuck. In winter he lived as snug as a meadow mouse, and as the cold came on he was overpowered by a slumberous influence, the instinct to hibernate; he began to go to sleep with the pond, his great bedfellow.

Sympathy, extending from the animal and vegetable to the elemental, embraces fire as well as water. The central image of "House-Warming" is fire, first the sun and then the hearth. Thoreau paid his respects to the fire that cooked his meal; and when he was gone, he said, his house was not empty, for he had a cheerful housekeeper behind. "It was I and fire that lived there." This natural piety, so much in the vein of St. Francis, is one extension of Thoreau's central conviction of the sacredness of life, while another is the cosmic sense of wonder. If in "The Bean-Field" he laments the American farmer's neglect of the sacredness of husbandry, he closes the chapter with his own pious and selfless rejoicing in the abundance of nature. Like Emerson he expresses his wonder over the fact that animal existence goes on unsuspected side by side with ours; and it is this same Romantic aesthetic capacity that permits him to say that he is not lonely, for our planet is in the Milky Way. The doctrine of sympathy informs every metamorphosis and thematic restatement as Thoreau, in this most elemental account, invokes man's primitive innocence in his rapport with earth, air, fire, and water.

But if Thoreau gives full scope to the doctrine of sympathy he gives a like representation to an awareness of a scale of being. In nature this scale rises from the merely physical to the perception of law; in man scale is suggested in the comment that the Canadian wood-chooper had remained at the animal level and in the remark about the Irishman, John Field, that neither he nor his posterity would rise "till their wading, webbed, bog-trotting feet get talaria to their heels." In Thoreau himself, as the Romantic representative ego, the human scale is, once again, Protean as we observe him sympathizing with nature and man at every level. In his own vocations as farmer, fisher, naturalist, poet, and seer he gives expression to man's dual nature by keeping in touch with both earth and heaven and by lifting his perceptions, in Transcendental fashion, up the scale from the physical to the moral and finally to the intellectual.

Walden is one of the wittiest books ever written, and the instructor may wish here also to impart some sense of a rising scale as Thoreau puns occasionally on words alone, more frequently on word and idea, and then more significantly on the idea alone. Of this intellectual punning the most impressive example is afforded by the central questions of where he lives and what he lives for. Physically he lives at Walden Pond, but he introduces a subtle musicalization of this theme when with one part of his nature he burrows animal-like into the hills, while with his higher self, in the very next chapter on reading he "dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted [him]." In the solitude of Walden he lives as much in Asia or Africa as in New England. Thoreau gives the question a purely subjective dimension when he says of being lost in the woods at night that only when we lose the world do we begin to find ourselves. When he denies being lonely, because, after all, our planet is in the Milky Way, he is indulging the cosmic feeling in a special manner to indicate the startling realization that he lives in an astronomical system. In these last two examples we have, as in other instances, Thoreau's sense of involvement in the relation between the microcosm and the macrocosm.

In posing his two central questions Thoreau is fundamentally concerned with the art of living. His judgment that the Iliad is "the work of art nearest to life itself" must be interpreted in the light of his remark that "to affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of the arts"—a Platonic preference for the ideal Real over imitation. When we are as absorbed in perfecting life as was the artist in the city of Kouroo in perfecting a wand we forget the illusion of time, and our lives pass over into fable. Similarly, "in dealing with truth, we are immortal and need fear no change nor accident." In such statements we have final answers to both questions of where we live and what we live for; and we can, furthermore, live so abstractedly in the midst of physical phenomena because we have a double personality, and, in a true sense, may be said to be beside ourselves, for "we are not wholly involved in Nature." Our other self is as remote from us as from another while "all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent." The ancient conception of the dual nature of man is safeguarded against the mere immersion in the insensate welter of nature. And if, at Thoreau's behest, we follow the suggestions of our genius because they are true, the safeguard against solipsism and hubris lies, throughout the whole of Walden, in the composed pieties of earth and heaven. The music of the universal lyre "trembles round the world."

There is much else to say about Walden on the score of literary relationships and general background. The many similarities in doctrine with Emerson's work, as well as differences in emphasis, may suggest, in turn, stylistic parallels with Carlyle, attitudes and motifs that anticipate Whitman, and a habit of moralizing like Melville's, fascinating even when labored. Thoreau's "cosmical" mosquito is insect-related to Emily Dickinson's humming bird, and his mythologized locomotive is the mechanical uncle of hers. The contrast to be drawn between Thoreau's lonely experiment at Walden and the communal experiment at Brook Farm will readily occur to everybody; one year I included English Traits for the rich thematic contrasts and comparisons one might deduce from these polar opposites of the Transcendentalist consciousness.

Because Walden is essentially a young man's book it should appeal to young men in a dozen ways; it also is characteristically American and modern, sufficiently so to surprise the young American out of his complacency and ignorance. Because he may grasp little of the more occult side of the book, the instructor will do well to stress Thoreau's parting shot to the effect that it is of less consequence that he be understood than that, in a natural system of many orders of understanding, he grow as Nature intended. Such a return upon one's own Genius is not so much jaunty egoism as the profoundest insight; and Thoreau can afford this luxury of extra vagance (his own pun) because we lie in the lap of immense intelligence.

—Lehigh University.

APPROACHING THOREAU THROUGH MODERN SCHOLARSHIP

By ODELL SHEPARD

In a review of Professor Paul's book* recently published in The Nation I have said that we have here the most illuminating study of Thoreau yet made—one that lights up the man from inside and reveals the habits of his thought with unprecedented clarity. A second perusal, though it has not changed that belief, has led me to ask what effect the book will have upon later scholars and critics and general readers who enter its field. Influential it is bound to be, and for that reason we should now examine somewhat closely some of the opinions which it most vigorously affirms and tries to promulgate.

Many pages of The Shores of America are devoted to an argument intended to show not only that Thoreau was earnestly concerned with problems of literary structure and design but that he actually solved those problems, with the result that he brought the diverse materials of Walden, even those of the Week, into a discernible order and significant shape. The argument is so cogent and convincing that really thoughtful readers of Thoreau will henceforth feel obliged to adjust its conclusions to their own experience as best they can.

These conclusions have been familiar, in their general purport, for a long time. In the first edition (1873) of William Ellery Channing's Thoreau: Poet-Naturalist, we read on page 32 this clear statement of them: "The impression of the 'Week' and 'Walden' is single, as of a living product; a perfectly jointed building, yet no more composite productions could be cited. The same applies to the lectures on 'Wild Apples' or 'Autumnal Tints,' which possess this unity of treatment; yet the materials were drawn from

* Sherman Paul, The Shores of America: Thoreau's Inward Exploration. Urbana (University of Illinois Press), 1958. Pp. xiii + 433. $6.75.

the utmost variety of sources, observations made years apart, so skilfully woven as to appear a seamless garment of thought. This constructive, combining talent belongs with the adaptedness to the pursuit."

The idea, possibly drawn from talk with Thoreau himself, is unmistakably there, but Thoreau's brilliant and scatterbrained friend had neither the skill nor the patience to "put the foundation under it." The late F. O. Matthiessen had both, and in his masterly American Renaissance (1941) he laid enough foundation-stones to make it seem odd that Professor Paul does not once mention his book. Yet these matters of priority are of slight importance compared with the fact that by far the most detailed and persuasive account of Thoreau's architectonic is given in The Shores of America.

So much for the opinion that Thoreau's writing, or that part of it which he prepared for publication, shows a keen awareness of literary form, a command of ordinance, and a "sense of the whole." Now there is another and a sharply contrasting opinion, long held by intelligent readers, that Thoreau's work--aside from its frequently admirable passages of narrative and description--is by no means remarkable for its articulation, cohesion, and unity. Good readers who have read Walden through many times, and know pages of it by rote, are heard to say that the book as a whole seems less than the sum of its parts. For them the locus classicus on this topic is the firm declaration of James Russell Lowell that Thoreau "had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs, or (more rarely), short bits of verse for the expression of a detached thought, sentiment, or image. His works give one the feeling of a sky full of stars...but whether these have any mutual relation with each other...is for the most part matter of conjecture."

From that statement we should make what deductions seem appropriate to the supposition--really not well grounded--that Lowell was hostile to Thoreau for personal reasons and that he himself did not excel in this particular "artistic power." On the other hand, Lowell was an expert and veteran reader if America has ever produced one, besides being a literary critic of high repute. In preparation for his essay on Thoreau, finally published in My Study Windows (1870), he read all the six volumes of Thoreau's writing that were then extant. At the close of that essay, where he links Thoreau with John Donne and Sir Thomas Browne, Lowell says that "there are sentences of his as perfect as any in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized."

Those words are the more remarkable because Lowell, when he wrote them, had never seen any part of Thoreau's Journal, his true magnum opus and most characteristic production, in which the crystallizing and sententious habit of his mind is much more evident than in his books. And it is precisely this habit, extending even to his speech and his social demeanor, that should make us hesitate to accept Professor Paul's thesis as anything more than half of the truth.

Henry Seidel Canby is in agreement with Lowell in fixing attention upon Thoreau's mastery of the sententious style, and indeed one of the most valuable chapters in his Thoreau (1939) is entitled "Sentence Maker." From that point of view he also agrees, decidedly, with Lowell's assertion that Thoreau's longer writings lack cohesion, continuity, and rounded completeness. So does the editor of The Heart of Thoreau's Journals (1927) where he says that Thoreau was "essentially a pensée writer and not a builder of books."

But by far the most important testimony on this question is that of Thoreau himself. With regard to the titanic labor of re-arranging his sentences for publication he utters not one groan, nor does he anywhere express either pride or pleasure in its result; but in speaking of his sentences--for unquestionably he means his own--he is voluble, eloquent, and deeply impressive. Anyone wishing to know into what phase of the writer's craft Thoreau poured his best skill and strength should ponder these words taken from his journal-entry for August 22, 1851: "Sentences which suggest far more than they say, which have an atmosphere about them, which do not merely report an old, but make a new impression; sentences which suggest so many things and are as durable as a Roman aqueduct. To frame these, that is the art of writing! Sentences which are expensive, towards which so many volumes, so much life went; which lie like boulders across the page, up and down and across; which contain the seed of other sentences, not mere repetition but creation; which a man might sell his grounds and castles to build."

Now we may well disagree with him. We may believe that the art of writing includes several other equally important things, the always difficult task of joining sentences together among them. That, however, is what he says, with emphasis, and if we care to understand what he was up to as a writer we had better pay attention.

Three months after the passage just quoted there came this remark on the same theme: "Those sentences are good and well

discharged which are like so many little resiliencies from the spring floor of our life.... Sentences uttered with your back to the wall." And then, on April 1, 1860, near the end of his writing career, Thoreau set down this declaration: "The fruit a thinker bears is sentences—statements or opinions. He seeks to affirm something as true. I am surprised that my affirmations or utterances come to me ready-made —not forethought—so that I occasionally awake in the night simply to let fall a ripe statement which I had never consciously considered before.... As if we only thought by sympathy with the universal mind."

We may say then, in Transcendental terms, that Thoreau regarded his sententiae as products of his "genius," whatever "talent" he may have acquired in fitting them together. Once again, his opinion does not settle the question, but it should not be ignored. Professor Paul does ignore it. He has nothing to say about Thoreau's strong predilection for the apothegm, and indeed he says little about his prose style in general; yet one cannot readily think of any writer to whom Buffon's statement that "la style est l'homme même" more closely applies.

This is what comes of riding a thesis too hard. Mainly concerned to demonstrate that Thoreau had a "constructing and combining talent," Professor Paul has realized, probably, that the power of organizing large bodies of material is not easily united with that of verbal crystallization. Henry Thoreau knew that too, as the toad under the harrow knows where the spikes fall, but he did not shirk his problem by omitting either of its antithetical terms. His natural penchant, confirmed by the habit of journalizing, was toward the terse and astringent apothegm discharged like a bullet from a gun. Could he have had his way, he would gladly have let his "sentences" stand unsupported and unarranged as they did in his Journal. He soon learned, however—perhaps from Margaret Fuller's rejection of "The Service" or from the public ridicule of Bronson Alcott's "Orphic Sayings"—that his pensées were not publishable, perhaps not even intelligible to most people, as they had come to him. They were products of his solitary thinking, but he wished to communicate with other minds. To that end, he saw, he must find for his thoughts a vehicle, a fable, a myth, or some all-embracing metaphor which, by the change from private to public discourse, would give them currency.

This he did, and did several times, with a measure of success which Professor Paul's book helps us to recognize more clearly. One may suggest, however, with no intent of depreciating the skill Thoreau shows in transposing old materials into new contexts, that this work—extremely arduous in nature as the manuscripts of Walden testify—was done reluctantly and against the grain. For one thing it involved almost continuous retrospection on the part of a man who always wanted to stand "on the dividing-line between the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment." He was well aware that "the writer who postpones the recording of his thought uses an iron which has cooled to burn a hole with," but while at work on the Week and Walden he was blowing embers of memory gone gray with the passage of years, and the thought of all that could never be brought back—in particular, his brother John—was seldom absent. Also there would come the chilling doubt whether this work was really creative, so much of it being mere re-arrangement. There must have come moments in which this man who knew that "a true account of the actual is the rarest poetry" would ask himself whether the work in hand was even veracious, considering how often and how drastically he was obliged by the requirements of his fable to alter the facts of time and place. For pure and acknowledged fiction, which would have solved all his problems, he had an aversion based upon sheer ignorance. Thus he had to face, and face down as well as he could, the recurring suspicion that the fable or myth on which he was spending his best years was only a makeshift, a contrivance, a means to an end, the product of cold after-thought, with no intrinsic validity or reason for being.

The fact that these doubts and suspicions were unwarranted is nothing to the point. They came, and kept coming. Again and again Thoreau had to fight for whatever there was in him of the faith without which no creative work can be done. We can see him at it. On January 28, 1853, with the Week well behind him and Walden all but finished, he wrote: "Perhaps I shall never find so good a setting for my thoughts as I shall have taken them out of. The crystal never sparkles so brightly as in the cavern." There is the writer of pensées who feels a cold distrust of all contexts, but on the evening of the next day he hears a lecture given by his friend Channing—"perhaps the most original lecture I have ever heard. Ever so unexpected, not to be foretold, and so sententious that you could not look at him and take his thought at the same time.... There was no sloping up or down to or from his points. It was all genius, no talent .... It was from so original a point of view, yet just to himself in the main, that I doubt if three in the audience understood a tithe that he said. Other lec-

tures, even the best, in which so much space is given to the elaborate development of a few ideas, seemed somewhat meagre in comparison. Yet it would be how much more glorious if talent were added to genius, if there were a just arrangement and development of the thoughts, and each step were not a leap, but he ran a space to take a higher leap!"

Professor Paul quotes this passage, clearly in accord with his thesis, as though it were Thoreau's last word on the topic. The fact is that on the following day Thoreau veered back to his earlier opinion. "Channing's lecture," he wrote, "was full of wise, acute, and witty observations, yet most of the audience did not know but it was mere incoherent verbiage and nonsense. I lose my respect for people who do not know what is good and true. I know full well that readers and hearers, with the fewest exceptions, ask me for my second best."

In these passages, written on three successive days, Thoreau is thinking about his own persistent problem—a problem still unsolved although he has already done the greater part of what we consider his best writing. Channing's lecture has helped him to realize the effect he would make if he should offer only his "genius," with no admixture of his "second best."

That second best was not remarkably good, and Emerson spoke with extreme moderation when he said that Thoreau's genius was better than his talent. Nothing that Professor Paul tells us about the structure and symbolism of the Week and Walden can excuse the frequently gross discontinuity of those two books. They are the work of a great writer who, except in narrative, was not steadily a good one. Their defects are due in large degree to the fact that the form does not grow out of the matter but is superimposed as an afterthought upon materials stubbornly recalcitrant to such manipulation.

—Jordan Cove, Waterford, Conn.

THOREAU'S OF BOOKS AND THEIR TITLES: A NEW EDITION

by R. BAIRD SHUMAN

Thoreau's essay, "Of Books and Their Titles," written in March, 1837, while he was a student at Harvard, has never been accurately edited. Indeed, for some time, the location of the manuscript was not known. Sanborn published an essay by this title in The Life of Henry David Thoreau (1917), pp. 123-28, but he took great liberties with the text and his version, therefore, can hardly be regarded as authoritative. Edwin I. Moser's edition, in his unpublished master's thesis at New York University in 1951 (pages 81-86), is based upon Sanborn's inaccurate work. The manuscript, which I discovered in the Francis Harvey Green Manuscript Collection of the Pennington School, in New Jersey,[1] covers six and one-third quarto pages and differs from the printed version of Sanborn in 124 instances.

[THOREAU'S ORIGINAL TEXT]

Name, and speak of, Titles of Books, either as pertinent to the matter, or merely ingenious and attractive.

When at length, after infinite toil and anxiety, an author has fairly completed his work, the next, and by far the most important concern that demands his attention, is the christening. He is about to send forth his bantling to seek its fortune in the world, and he feels a kind of parental interest in its welfare, prompting him to look about for some expressive and euphonic Title, which, at least, will secure it a civil treatment from mankind, and may, perchance, serve as an introduction to their sincere esteem and regard.

A Title may either be characteristic, consisting of a single expressive word or pithy sentence, or ingenious and amusing, so as to catch the fancy, or excite the curiosity. Some, (such as) "(Ivanhoe," for instance),[2] though familiarity with the contents may impart to them an interest not their own, or other associations render them pleasing to the ear, seem to have been adopted as merely, or chiefly, distinctive, without any attempt to enlighten the reader upon the nature of the subject, or to deceive him into a perusal of the volume. In the infancy of a nation's literature, when books, like angels visits, are "few and far between", their very rarity seems to require that they should be distinguished by Titles equally rare, and not unusually does it happen, that these prove so exceedingly attractive, as to cast quite into the shade the humble volume which they were intended merely to usher into notice. The character of the contents is quite often overlooked in the desire to make a favorable first impression, and the author's whole ingenuity is exerted in the framing of some fanciful or dignified Title, which will at once recommend his book to the favor of the reading public. As some fond parents, in the lower walks of life, are accustomed to ransack the long list of departed worthies for sonorous and well-tried names, or, from the cast-off spoils of the novel heroine, seek to swell the scanty portion which fortune may have allotted to their offspring.

What can be more alluring than the following tempting, and somewhat luxurious display of verbal delicacies—"Paradise of Dainty Devices". What may be the nature of these "Dainty Devices" is left to be imagined by the reader, it being safer to

leave him to his own vague conjectures, than to tell the plain truth at once. Robert Langland, a contemporary of Chaucer, taught the fundamental doctrines of Christianity in a voluminous poetical work, entitled "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede." One William is overtaken by sleep, among the Malvern Hills, and in a dream, beholds the different classes of society pursuing their respective avocations, upon a spacious plain before him. He is addressed by various allegorical personages, among whom True Religion and Reason are the most conspicuous. By "Piers Ploughman" is sometimes meant the "true and universal church," at others, he is a mysterious personage, who undertakes to guide mankind to the abode of Truth, declaring that he himself has long been 'his' faithful and devoted follower. Where the uninitiated reader would expect a rude pastoral, or rural ditty, or perhaps an essay on husbandry, nothing is found to repay him for the trouble of a perusal, but obscure and interminable allegories,

"In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked dulness long drawn out."

Southwell's "Funeral Tears" is another of the same description.

The following give one a slight insight into the subject. "Abuses Stript and Whipt," being a volume of satirical essays; in later times, "Heliconia," a "selection of English Poetry of the Elizabethan age"; and "Archaica," a "reprint of scarce Old English Tracts," by Sir Edgerton Brydges. "Davy's Salmonia," which is also of this description, must have puzzled many.

Our early literature abounds in such conceited Titles as the following; "The Ladder of Perfection"; "A Looking Glass for London and England"; "A Fan to drive away Flies;" and "Matches lighted by the divine Fire." One author, through an excess of modesty or squeamishness, calls a discourse upon the life and death of an individual, an "Epitaph"; another has packed off a quarto with the inexplicable, and therefore attractive, Title, "Prayse of the Red Herring."

Our ancestors were fond of regarding their works as so many different centres, from which diverged rays of various hues, carrying light and heat to every quarter—as choice repositories of learning, or perennial fountains of amusement, and therefore, overlooking their general character, gave them collective Titles, taken, for the most part, from the analogy of matter. Some such have already been mentioned. Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," "The Temple of Memory", "Coryat's Crudities", etc., are other instances. We may also add "The Mirour for Magistrates", a rather odd Title for a chronicle history, written during the reign of queen Mary, and embracing "the lives and untimely falles" of "unfortunate Princes and men of note" from Brutus down.

Not even sober philological and grammatical works have escaped the absurdity of unintelligible and affected Titles. Horn Tooke's "Diversions of Purley" must have disappointed many a desultory reader in search of amusement. The difficulty is not removed by the addition of the poetical expletive "Epea Pteroenta". The student has heard of this celebrated treatise, and he feels a desire to examine it; he has recourse, perhaps, to the catalogue of some library, which informs him merely, that John Horne Tooke was the author of a book called "Diversions of Purley". He is somewhat astonished that so learned a philologist as Mr. Tooke should have condescended to dabble in light literature, or have sacrificed a moment in amusements or diversions of any kind. It cannot be that he is mistaken, Mr. Tooke was certainly the author of the work he is in quest of; perhaps those illstarred "Diversions," however, may contain a biographical notice of their author, which will throw some light upon the subject. He examines and is undeceived. Instead of a Dictionary of Sports, or a Panegyric on the Delights of Rural Life, he finds a critical treatise on the English language, displaying no small degree of philological learning.

No people have been more prone to these extravagances than the Persians. Mohammed Eben Emir Chowand Shaw, who flourished in 1741, was the author of a voluminous historical work, entitled "Hortus Puritatis, in Historia Prophetarum, Regum, et Chalifarum". A Persian-Turkish dictionary bears the Title of "Naẅmet Allah", or "Delight of Gods". "The Gulistan," or "Flower-Garden", a collection of moral fables and apophthegms, by Shaikh Sadi of Shiraz, being written in an excessively florid style, may aptly enough be compared to a garden of flowers, or a parcel of nosegays. We next come upon the ground of the "Lebartik", or "Marrow of History," by the immortal, so far as his name is concerned, Al Emir Yahia Ebn Abdollatif al Kazwini. Abu Said wrote a universal history, from Adam to his own time, under the Title of "Historical Pearl Necklaces."

Revolutions have not been confined to political institutions and forms of government; not even Old Books nor Old Clothes have escaped the all-grasping hand of reform. Men have learned that "all is not gold that glisters." Books have cast off their gaudy and cumbrous court dresses, and appear, in these days, in a plain Republican garb. The works of the philosopher, the poet, and the statesman, carry

no recommendation upon their backs, nor does a discouraging array of clasps compel the faint-hearted reader to rely upon outward appearances. Indeed, their Titles, should a perusal warrant it, are concealed by an every-day dress of paper, while their contents are equally accessible to all.

It is not a little remarkable that so few really valuable works have anything to recommend them in their externals.

1 Reproduced through the kindness and permission of Dr. Charles Smythe, Headmaster, acting on behalf of the Trustees. (It is not to be copied or further reproduced without his written permission.) My gratitude is also expressed to Mrs. Joan Valentine, librarian, and to Howard Cressman, Esq., curator of the Green Collection at Pennington School.

2 Crossed out in the MS.

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"In notes, with many a winding bout
Of tinkled dullness long drawn out."

Southwell's "Funeral Tears" is another of the same description.

The following give one a slight insight into the subject. "Abuses Stript and Whipt", being a volume of satirical essays; in Gales times, "Heliconia", a selection of English Poetry of the Elizabethan age"; and "Archaica", a reprint of scarce Old English Prose Tracts", by Sir Edgerton Brydges.

not a real title

"Davy's Salmonia", which is also of this description, must have puzzled many.

Our early literature abounds in such conceited Titles as the following; "The Ladder of Perfection"; "A Looking Glass for London and England"; "A Fan to drive away Flies; and "Matches lighted by the divine Fire." One author, through an excess of modesty or squeamishness, calls a discourse upon the life and death of an individual, an "Epitaph"; another has packed off a quagio with the inexplicable, and therefore attractive, Title, "Praise of the Red Herring."

Our ancestors were fond of regarding their works as so many different centres, from which diverged rays of various hues, carrying light and heat to every quarter—as choice repositories of learning, or perennial fountains of amusement, and therefore, overlooking their general character, gave them collective Titles, taken, for the most part, from the analogy of smaller. Some such have already ~~been~~ been mentioned. "Painter's Palace of Pleasure", "The Temple of Memory", "Conyat's Crudities", &c. are other instances. We may also add "The Mirrour for Magistrates", a rather odd Title for a chronicle history, written during the reign of queen Mary, and embracing "the lives and untimely falles" of "infortunate Princes and men of note" from Brutus down.

Not even sober philological and grammatical works have escaped the absurdity of unintelligible and affected Titles. "Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley" must have disappointed many a desultory reader in search of amusement. The difficulty is not removed by the addition of the poetical explanation "Epea Pteroenta". The student has heard of this celebrated treatise, and he feels a desire to examine it; he has recourse, perhaps, to the catalogue of some library, which informs him merely, that John Horne Tooke was the author of a book called "Diversions of Purley". He is somewhat astonished that so learned a philologist as Mr. Tooke should have condescended to dabble in light literature, or have sacrificed a moment in amusements or diversions of any kind. It cannot be that he is mistaken, Mr Tooke was certainly the author of the work he is in quest of; perhaps those illustrious "Diversions", however, may contain a biographical notice of their author, which will throw some light upon the subject. He examines and is undeceived. Instead of a Dictionary of Sports, or a Panegyric on the Delights of Rural Life, he finds a critical treatise on the English language, displaying no small degree of philological learning.

Old people have been more prone to these extrav-

agances that the Persians. Mohammed Eben Emir Chowand Shah, who flourished in 1741, was the author of a voluminous historical work, entitled "Hortus Fortalis, in Historia Prophetarum, Regum, et Chalifarum". A Persian-Turkish dictionary bears the title of "Naëmet Allah, or Delight of Gods." "The Gulistan, or "Flower Garden", a collection of moral fables and apophthegms, by Shaikh Sadi of Shiraz, being written in an excessively florid style, may aptly enough be compared to a garden of flowers, or a parcel of nosegays. We next come upon the ground of the "Lebbarik", or "Marrow of History", by the immortal, so far as his name is concerned, Al Emir Yahia Eben Abdollatif al Kazwini. Abu Said wrote a universal history, from Adam to his own time, under the title of "Historical Pearl Necklace".

Revolutions have not been confined to political institutions and forms of government; not even Old Books and Old Clothes have escaped the all grasping hand of reform. "Men have learned that all is not gold that glisters. Books have cast off their gaudy and cumbrous court dresses, and appear, in these days, in a plain Republican garb. The works of the philosopher, the poet, and the statesman, carry no recommendation upon their backs, nor does a discouraging array of clasps compel the faint hearted reader to rely upon -

outward appearances. Indeed, their Titles, should a person's ignorance be concealed by an every-day dress of paper, while their contents are equally accessible to all. It is not a little remarkable that so few really valuable works have anything to recommend them in their externals.

—San Jose State College.

THOREAU'S PASSAGE ON THE "FROZEN-THAWED" APPLE By R. BAIRD SHUMAN.

In the Francis Harvey Green Collection of the Pennington School is a four-page fragment, in Thoreau's hand, of his essay, "The 'Frozen-Thawed' Apple," a part of "Wild Apples" in his volume of Excursions.[1] Though printed editions agree with the manuscript at most points, they reveal a number of departures in punctuation and capitalization, in four instances change words, and, finally, omit one entire paragraph preserved in the manuscript. The original, edited and reproduced herewith, was indubitably in the hands of Thoreau's publishers because James T. Fields put his endorsement upon it. The complete text follows:[2]

. . . come to thaw them—for they are extremely sensible[3] to its rays—are found to be filled with a rich sweet cider[4] with which I am better acquainted than with wine. This is true of your "pot-gun drink." All apples etc.[5] Others, which have more substance, are a sweet and luscious food,[6] in my opinion of more worth than the pine-apples[7] imported from the West Indies. Those which lately even I tasted only to repent of it, for I am semi-civilized,[8] which the farmer willingly left on the tree, I am now glad to find have the property of hanging on like the leaves of the young oaks. It is a way to keep cider sweet without boiling. Let the frost come to freeze them first[9] solid as stones, and then the rain or a warm winter day,[10] to thaw them, and they will seem to have borrowed a flavor from heaven through the medium of the air in which they hang. Or perchance you find, when you get home, that they[11] which rattled have thawed in your pocket,[12] and the ice is turned to cider. But after the 3rd or 4th freezing and thawing they will not be found so good.

What are the imported half-ripe[13] fruits of the torrid south,[14] to this fruit matured by the cold of the frigid north?[15] These are those crabbed apples with which I cheated my companion, and kept a smooth face that I might tempt him to eat. Now we both greedily fill our pockets with them[16]—bending to drink the cup and save our lappets from the overflowing juice[17]—and grow more social with their wine. Was there one that hung so high and sheltered by the tangled branches that our sticks could not dislodge it?

It is a fruit never carried to market[18] that I am aware of[19]—quite distinct from the apple of the markets, as from dried apple and cider.[20] & It is not every winter that produces it in perfection.

Toward the end of winter I perceive that the squirrels & rabbits (crops)[21] being reduced to short commons, have got all the apples that were left on the trees or had

fallen on (above)[22] the snow & I see their tracks leading from the woods on all sides into the orchards—& the crows & jays too have (pecked them)[23] had a share[24]

The era of the Wild Apple will soon be past. It is a fruit which will probably become extinct in New England. You may still wander through old orchards of native fruit of great extent, which for the most part went to the cider-mill, now all gone to decay. I have heard of an orchard (in the town of Russel,)[25] in a distant town, on the side of a hill, where the apples rolled down and lay 4 feet deep against a wall on the lower side, and this the owner cut down for fear they should be made into cider. Since the temperance reform and the general introduction of grafted fruit, no native apple trees, such as I see every where in deserted pastures, and where the woods have grown up around them, are set out. I fear that he who walks over these fields a century hence will not know the pleasure of knocking off wild apples. Ah! poor man, there are many pleasures which he will not know.[26] Notwithstanding the prevalence of the Baldwin and the Porter, I doubt if as[27] extensive orchards are set out today in this[28] town as there were a century ago, when those vast straggling cider orchards were planted, when men both ate and drank apples, when the pomace heap was the only nursery, and trees cost nothing but the trouble of setting them out. Men could afford then to stick a tree by every wall side and let it take its chance. I see nobody planting trees today . . .

At this point the Pennington MS. concludes. On the margin of the last page [reproduced below] Thoreau's autograph has been superimposed. So has a small clipping which reads: "The London Saturday Review has become fascinated with the writings of Henry D. Thoreau, and calls him the Rousseau of America."

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1 See esp. The Writings of Henry David Thoreau (Walden edition), Boston & N.Y., [1906], V, 290ff.

2 A quarto sheet, folded once, written on all four pages and numbered 52, 53, 54 and 55. The editor is indebted to the Rev. Dr. Charles Smythe of the Pennington School for permission to publish. (Permission for further editing or reproduction must be secured from the school.) I wish also to thank Mrs. Joan Valentine, librarian, and Howard Cressman, Esq., of the Mathematics Department, for their kind offices.

3 Ptd. edns: "sensitive."

4 Ptd. edns add: "better than any bottled cider that I know of."

5 "This is true..." is written in the margin and marked for insertion at this point. Instead of inserting it, the printer added: "All apples are good in this state, and your jaws are the cider-press"—apparently Thoreau's revision.

6 Ptd. edns: comma is followed by a dash.

7 Ptd. edns give it as one word.

8 Ptd. edns set it off with dashes.

9 Ptd. edns insert comma.

10 Ptd. edns omit comma.

11 Ptd. edns read "those."

12 Thoreau indicates that "in your pocket" should be placed after "rattled".

13 Hyphenated in ptd. edns.

14 "South" in ptd. edns.

15 "North" in ptd. edns.

16 Ptd. edns insert comma.

17 Ptd. edns insert comma.

18 Ptd. edns insert comma.

19 Ptd. edns insert comma.

20 Ptd. edns read "...cider,—and . . ."

21 Deleted in MS.

22 Deleted in MS.

23 Deleted in MS.

24 This ¶ omitted from ptd. edns.

25 Deleted in MS.

26 Ptd. edns punctuate this "Ah, . . . know!"

27 Ptd. edns read "so".

28 Ptd. edns read "my".

[See the pages following for a reproduction of the manuscript.] ——————→

THOREAU AND JOHN EVELYN

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

In the interesting manuscript mentioned in the preceding article and reproduced in the following pages, reference is made to the town of Russell—apparently the one in Hampden County, Massachusetts. Pencilled in the left-hand margin of the first page—and not showing in the reproduction—is the following: "Evelyn quet That cider which drives out the corks or breaks bottlles [sic] is called 'pot-gun drink.' This is more of that kind". The passage referred to appears in Sir Paul Neil's "Discourse of Cider" included by Evelyn in Sylva...Terra...To which is annexed Pomona: or, An Appendix concerning Fruit-Trees in relation to Cider...Also Kalendarium Hortense: or, The Gard'ners Almanac, (3rd edition) London, 1679, page 383:

"And if it be too thick when it is bottled, then, when it hath stood some time in the bottles it will ferment so much that it may possibly either drive out the Corks, or break the bottles, or at least be of that sort (which some call Potgun-drink) that when you open the bottles it will fly about the house, and be so windy and cutting that it will be inconvenient to drink: For the right temper of Bottle-Cider is, that it mantle a little and sparkle when it is put out into the glass; but if it froth and fly, it was bottled too soon: Now the temper of the Cider is so nice, that it is very hard when you bottle it to foretel which of these two conditions it will have: but it is very easie within a few days after (that is to say, about a week, or so) to find its temper as to this point. For first, if it be bottled too soon; by this time it will begin to ferment in the Bottles, and in that case you must open the Bottles, and let them stand open two or three minutes, that that abundance of spirits may have Vent, which otherwise kept in would in a short time make it of that sort I called before Potgun-drink; but being let out, that danger will be avoided, and the Cider (without danger of breaking the bottles) will keep and ferment, but not too much."

52

I cannot but think them - for
they are extremely sensible of its
rays - are found to be filled
with a rich sweet cider with
which I am better acquainted than
with wine. Others, which have
more substance, are a sweet
and luscious food, in my opinion
of more worth than the luxu-
ries which are imported from
the west Indies. Those which
Caleb and I tasted only to repent;
for I am semi-axiliary
of intruct. The farmer withings
left on the tree, I am now
glad to find have the property
of hanging on like the leaves
of the [illegible]-oaks. We'll
way to teach cider meet with-
out boiling. Let the frost
come to freeze them first solid
as stones, and then the rain
or a warm winter day, to thaw
them, and they will secon to
have conveyed a flavor from
heaven through the medium of
the air in which they hang.
Or perchance you find, when

This Ms. is in H. D. Thoreau's handwriting. J. T. Fields.

53

you get home, that they will
be stiff as a board in your
pocket, and the ice is turned
to cider. Not after the 3d or
4th freezing and thawing they will
not be found to good.

What are the imported half ripe
fruits of the torrid south, to this
fruit matured by the cold of the
frigid north? These are those
crabbed apples with which I
cheated my companion, and
kept a smooth face that I
might tempt him to eat too
we both greedily circumvented
with them — bending to drink
the cup and save our lapfuls
from the overflowing juice —
and grow more social with
their wine. Was there one
that hung so high and sheltered
by the tangled branches, that no
thief could not dislodge it?

Yes! a fruit never carried
to market that I am aware of —
quite distinct from the apples of
the market, & as from dried apple

and cider. & Yet is not every variety that produces it in perfection.

Toward the end of winter I perceive that the squirrels & rabbits are being reduced to short commons. I have got all the apples that were left on the trees or had fallen on the snow & I see their tracks leading from the wood, on all sides into the orchards. & Otter & Foxes too have been & had a chase

The era of the wild apple will soon be past. It is a fruit which will probably become extinct in New England. You may still wander through old orchards of native fruit of great extent, which for the most part went to the cider-mill, now all gone to decay. I have heard of an orchard in a distant town of Concord, on the side of a hill, where the apples rotted down and lay 4 feet deep against a wall on the town side, and this the owner cut down for fear he should be made to cider. Since

55 the temperance reform and the general introduction of grafted fruit, no native apple trees, such as I see everywhere in deserted hamlets, and where the woods have grown up around them, are left out. I fear that he who walks over these fields a century hence will not know the pleasure of knocking off wild apples. Ah! poor man, there are many pleasures which he will not know. Notwithstanding the prevalence of the Baldwin and the Porter, I doubt if as extensive orchards are set out today in this town as there were a century ago, when those vast straggling cider orchards were planted, when men both ate and drank apples, when the nursery and trees cost nothing but the trouble of setting them out. Men could afford then to stick a tree by every wayside and let it take its chance. I see nobody planting trees today

Henry D. Thoreau.

55 The London Saturday Review has become disgusted with the writings of Henry D. Thoreau, and calls him the Rousseau of America.

A NEW THOREAU POEM—"TO EDITH"

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

When Edith Emerson was born on November 22, 1841, her father wrote in his journals:[1] "Edith. There came into the house a young maiden, but she seemed to be more than a thousand years old. She came into the house naked and helpless, but she had for her defence more than the strength of millions. She brought into the day the manners of the Night." These lines reflect Emerson's thoughts on infancy expressed in the last chapter of Nature (1836) and the doctrine of the "Lapse" expressed in Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." They remind the reader of the faith of Bronson Alcott, expressed in his two manuscripts labelled "Psyche," from one of which I have published generous extracts.[2]

Even before Edith's birth,[3] Thoreau had become a resident in Emerson's home, serving as a handy man. He had daily association with Edith until May 1, 1843, when he left for Staten Island, witnessing the first seventeen months of her growth. That he became fond of her is evident in his report on January 24, 1843, to Emerson, who was lecturing in Philadelphia:[4] "...Edith takes rapid strides in the arts and sciences—or music and natural history—as well as over the carpet;...she says 'papa' less and less abstractedly every day, looking in my face,—which may sound like a Ranz des Vaches to yourself." That he missed her while living with William Emerson in New York is implied in extant correspondence. Emerson wrote to Henry on July 20, 1843:[5] "Edith & Ellen are in high health, and as pussy has this afternoon nearly killed a young oriole, Edie tells all comers with great energy her one story, 'Birdy—sick.'" And three months later (October 16, 1843), Henry wrote to Lidian:[6] "How does the Saxon Edith do? Can you tell yet to which school of philosophy she belongs—whether she will be a fair saint of some Christian order, or a follower of Plato and the heathen?"

Other references to Edith appear in later letters, but the period when she was about a year or a year and a half old—when Thoreau was nearing the end of his first residency in the Emerson home—is, for our purposes, the most important. To it Emerson referred three years later in a letter to Thoreau from Manchester, England (December 2, 1847), while Thoreau was for a second time serving as protector in Emerson's household:[7] "Thanks, evermore thanks for the kindness which I well discern to the youths of the house, to my darling little horseman...[Edward], to Edith who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve, & to Ellen, who by speech & now by letter I find old enough to be companionable...." The verses which Edith "long ago drew from" Henry were copied into page 95 of Emerson's MS. CP (now Houghton 137) which, with permission,[8] I here edit and reproduce, dating them early in 1843. In them we hear once again the doctrine of the "Lapse" and echoes of Wordsworth's lines:

> Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
> Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
> Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
> The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
> Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
> Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight....

Thoreau's verses also foreshadow his lines in Walden about his own irrevocable youth: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove...."

To Edith.

Thou little bud of being, Edith named,
With whom I've made acquaintance on this earth,
Who knowest me without impediment,
As flowers know the winds that stir their leaves,
And rid'st upon my shoulders as the sphere,
Turning on me thy sage reserved eye,
Behind whose broad & charitable gaze
Floats the still true & universal soul
With the pure azure of the general day,
Not yet a peopled & a vulgar town,
Rather a pure untarnished country ground;
For thou art whole, not yet begun to die,
While men look on me with their shrivelled rays
Streaming through some small chink of the broad sky;
Pure youthful soul, thou hast begun to be,
To cumulate thy sin & piety.

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1 Journals, VI, 130.
2 Emerson the Essayist, II, 101-125.
3 See Letters, II, 394. Rusk says Henry began his two-year residence about April 26, 1841.
4 Thoreau's Correspondence, page 76.
5 Ibid., p. 126.
6 Ibid., p. 144.
7 Ibid., p. 194.
8 I am grateful to Edward W. Forbes and to RWEMA for this courtesy.

To Edith. 95

Thou little bud of being, Edith named,
With whom I've made acquaintance on this earth,
Who knowest me without impediment,
As flowers know the winds that stir their leaves,
And rid'st upon my shoulders as the sphere,
Turning on me thy sage reserved eye,
Behind whose broad & charitable gaze
Floats the still true & universal soul
With the pure azure of the general day,
Not yet a peopled & a vulgar town,
Rather a pure untarnished country ground;
For thou art whole, not yet begun to die,
While men look on me with their shrivelled rays
Streaming through some small chink of the (broad sky;
Pure youthful soul, thou hast begun to be,
To cumulate thy sin & piety.

H. D. Thoreau.

SOPHIA THOREAU.

Thirty-five years ago there lived in Concord four brothers and sisters, one of whom, a recent graduate of Harvard College, had begun to acquire fame among the transcendentalists and abolitionists by the courage and genius of his writings. John and Henry Thoreau, with their sisters, Helen and Sophia (the last the youngest of the family), were all teachers, or had been, and all had displayed peculiar gifts in that profession. But they were all something more than school teachers, and, becoming enlisted early in the anti-slavery cause, or in that broader service of humanity which "plain living and high thinking" imply, they gradually withdrew from that occupation, declining the opportunities by which other young persons, situated as they then were, rise to worldly success, and devoting themselves, within limits somewhat narrow, to the pursuit of lofty ideals. The death of Miss Sophia Thoreau on the 7th instant, at Bangor, closes the record of this family; for she was the last of the four children of John Thoreau, and, with the exception of an elderly maiden aunt, the last of the name in America. There are still Thoreaus, it is said, in the island of Jersey, from which her grandfather, John, emigrated to Boston, soon after the Revolution; but there are none in America, except the lady above mentioned. And now the four children lie buried, side by side, at the foot of their parents' graves in the Concord Cemetery, not far from Hawthorne's last resting place.

The family was a remarkable one, full of talent, rising in one or two of them to genius, and overflowing with affection for each other. John Thoreau, the grandfather, was the son of a French woman resident in St. Helier, Jersey, Marie le Gaiais by name; he was born in 1754, and confirmed in the Anglican church at St. Helier in 1773. Before 1785 he had married, in Boston, a Scotch woman, Jeanie Burns, and, in 1787, his son John, father of the poet, was born in Boston. Early in this century, John Thoreau, the elder, who was a merchant in Boston, removed to Concord. There his son engaged in trade, and about 1810 married Miss Cynthia Dunbar, daughter of Rev. Asa Dunbar of Keene, N. H. The four children inherited from their mixed ancestry, French, English, New English and Scotch, very mixed and lively qualities, as well as serious characters. John Thoreau, the younger, was Henry's companion in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac," and was a youth of remarkable promise, who died early; his sister Helen also died at the age of thirty-seven, in 1849—the year in which Henry Thoreau published his first book. This left the brother and sister, Henry and Sophia—the younger half of the household—and from that time they were never long separated till death divided them. Henry had completed his life of solitude at Walden before this, and was again at his father's house in Concord village, sallying out from that to make his long excursions by land or water, in many of which his sister accompanied him.

Contrary to the common estimate of his character, he was eminently domestic; and when, as a youth, his mother told him, "You may buckle on your knapsack and roam abroad to seek your fortune," Henry shed tears and was unwilling to go away from those he loved. His sister had the same strong affections, and much of Henry's humor, but she had also a brilliant dramatic wit of her own, which made her one of the most entertaining companions. Since the death of her mother, four or five years since, she has lived chiefly in Maine, among her nearest relatives, but away from the scenes with which her dearest memories were associated—the fields and woods of Concord. She has also been a suffering invalid, and for the past two years has been slowly dying by an incurable disease, the end of which she clearly foresaw. Yet the cheerful temper, mingled with caprices and asperities, which belonged to Henry Thoreau, was hers also, and she met the approach of death not only with serenity, but with a laughing mien in the midst of physical torture.

The foundation of the family character was serious, notwithstanding the gayety of their spirits. They all became abolitionists early, and were among the zealous supporters and warm personal friends of Garrison and Phillips, N. P. Rogers, Parker Pillsbury and the anti-slavery come-outers of 1840. Their house was hospitable to fugitive slaves and to all who loved the good cause of emancipation. John Brown found his way to it in 1857, and, from that time, was an object of admiration to Henry Thoreau and his sister. On the day of Brown's death, she joined with her brother in the funeral honors paid to him at Concord, and the rose which bloomed in her window, that December day, sent by her to Miss Alcott, brought back the graceful verses which were then read everywhere, though the author had not yet become illustrious. After her brother's death, two years later, Sophia Thoreau inherited his papers and published many of them in volumes, as he had expected her to do. Of late years she has published little, and now has placed the papers in the hands of her brother's friend Blake, who will print portions of them.

Death confers a momentary distinction on every son and daughter of Adam. But the claim of Sophia Thoreau to a place in the memory of others rests neither on this, nor alone on her devotion to the poet naturalist, her brother, of whom she was as much the worthy associate as Dorothy Wordsworth was of the English poet. This New England household, of which she was a member, had, like some other American families, a distinct and individual existence, in which each person counted for something, and was not a mere drop in the broad water level that American society tends more and more to become. To meet one of the Thoreaus was not the same as to encounter any other person who might happen to cross your path. Life to them was something more than a parade of pretensions, a conflict of ambitions, or an incessant scramble for the common objects of desire. They were fond of climbing to the hill top, and could look with a broader and kindlier vision than most of us on the commotions of the plain and the mists of the valley. Without wealth, or power, or social prominence, they still held a rank of their own, in scrupulous independence, and with qualities that put condescension out of the question. They could have applied to themselves, individually, and without hauteur, the motto of the French chevalier:

"Je suis ni roi, ni prince aussi,
Je suis le seigneur de Coucy."

They lived their life according to their genius, without the fear of man or of "the world's 'dread laugh,'" saying to Fortune what Tennyson sings—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown,—
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great,
Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands,
For man is man, and master of his fate."

May the turf be green and the autumn leaves fall gently above the graves of so much wit, such high courage, and so many of the mildest virtues! [Springfield Republican.

Concord Journal, June 25, 1959.

DEATH NOTICE OF SOPHIA THOREAU, taken from the Boston Transcript, Oct. 27, 1876. It appeared originally in the Springfield Republican.

PORTRAIT OF AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT BY WINCKLER.

On the next page we reproduce the new portrait by an artist unknown to the Frick Art Reference Library, 10 E. 71st St., New York 21, N.Y. If any of our readers can help us learn more about him, we shall be grateful.

Alcott Portrait At Concord Library

The Concord Free Public Library has recently acquired and placed on view an oil portrait of Amos Bronson Alcott (1799-1888) painted by Winckler in 1877. The artist has achieved a good likeness of his distinguished subject and has suggested the personality which alternately entranced and annoyed Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Among the donors whose generosity made the acquisition of this portrait possible are Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Gooding, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Buttrick Hosmer, Mr. and Mrs. Casper J. Jenney, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. David B. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce S. Old, Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Shaw, Jr., Professor Odell Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan K. Smith, Jr., and a member of the Library Committee.

A. B. Alcott

EMERSON AND THOREAU IN THE INDEX TO *THE DIAL*

[The following important reference index is taken from George Willis Cooke, An Historical and Biographical Introduction to Accompany the Dial as Reprinted in Numbers for the Rowfant Club. (2 vols.), Cleveland, 1902, II, 166-169, 196-211 and 216-217.]

TITLES AND CONTRIBUTORS

I. (Vol. I., No. 1, July, 1840.)

1. The Editors to the Reader. R. W. Emerson.
5. A Short Essay on Critics. Margaret Fuller.
11. To the Aurora Borealis. C. P. Cranch.
13. Notes from the Journal of a Scholar. C. C. Emerson.
17. The Religion of Beauty. J. S. Dwight.
22. [Sweet is the pleasure.] J. S. Dwight.
22. Brownson's Writings. George Ripley.
47. The Last Farewell. E. B. Emerson.
48. Ernest the Seeker. Chapter I. W. H. Channing.
58. The Divine Presence in Nature and in the Soul. Theodore Parker.
71. Sympathy. H. D. Thoreau.
72. Lines. Ellen Tucker Emerson
73. A Record of Impressions produced by the Exhibition of Allston's Pictures in the Summer of 1839. Margaret Fuller.
83. To W. Allston on seeing his "Bride." S. G. Ward.
84. To Allston's Picture, "The Bride." Margaret Fuller.
84. Song. S. G. Ward.
84. To . . . . [To Eva.] R. W. Emerson.
85. Orphic Sayings. A. Bronson Alcott.
98. Stanzas. [Gnosis.] C. P. Cranch.
99. Channing's Translation of Jouffroy. W. D. Wilson.
117. Aulus Persius Flaccus. H. D. Thoreau.
121. The Shield. S. G. Ward.
122. The Problem. R. W. Emerson.
123. Come Morir? S. G. Ward.
123. [I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty.] Ellen Hooper.
124. The Concerts of the Past Winter. J. S. Dwight.
134. A Dialogue. Margaret Fuller.
135. Richter. Margaret Fuller.
135. Some murmur at the "want of system" in Richter's writings. Margaret Fuller.
135. The Morning Breeze. Margaret Fuller.
136. Dante. Sarah Clarke.
136. A Sketch. [I.] Margaret Fuller.
136. A Sketch. [II.] Margaret Fuller.
136. [Did you never admire anything?] Margaret Fuller.

No. II. (Vol. I., No. 2, October, 1840.)

137. Thoughts on Modern Literature. R. W. Emerson.
158. Silence. [Eros.] R. W. Emerson.
159. First Crossing the Alleghanies. J. F. Clarke.
161. A Sign from the West. C. P. Cranch.
172. Angelica Sleeps.—Berni. [Translated.] Margaret Fuller (?)
173. Nature and Art, or the Three Landscapes. Gaspar Poussin. J. F. Clarke.
Domenichino. J. F. Clarke.
Allston's Italian Landscape. J. F. Clarke.
175. The Art of Life the Scholar's Calling. F. H. Hedge.
183. Letter to a Theological Student. George Ripley.
187. "The Poor Rich Man." Ellen Hooper.
187. [Why askest thou?] W. E. Channing.
188. Musings of a Recluse. C. P. Cranch.
193. The Wood-Fire. Ellen Hooper.
193. The Day Breaks. Caroline Tappan.
194. The Poet. Ellen Hooper.
195. Life. Caroline Tappan.
195. Evening. Caroline Tappan.
196. A Lesson for the Day. Theodore Parker.
216. Wayfarers. Ellen Hooper.
216. From Goethe. Caroline Tappan.
217. Pæan. Caroline Tappan.
217. Lyric. Caroline Tappan.
218. Truth Against the World. Theodore Parker.
219. Waves. Caroline Tappan.
219. [On the surface by the waves.] Caroline Tappan.
220. New Poetry. [Poems by W. E. Channing.] R. W. Emerson.
232. Art and Artist. Caroline Tappan.
233. Ernest the Seeker. Chapter II. W. H. Channing.
242. Woodnotes. R. W. Emerson.
245. Life and Death. Caroline Tappan.
246. Record of the Months.
246. The Works of William E. Channing, D. D. George Ripley.
248. Two Sermons by G. F. Simmons. George Ripley.
251. A Letter to those who think. George Ripley.
256. Professor Walker's Vindication of Philosophy. George Ripley.
260. The Athenæum Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture. Margaret Fuller.
263. The Dream. Caroline Tappan.
264. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." R. W. Emerson.
265. Fourier's "Social Destiny of Man." R. W. Emerson.
266. Ranke's "History of the Popes." Theodore Parker.
267. Harwood's "Materialism in Religion." George Ripley.
271. Cousin's "Œuvres complètes de Platon." George Ripley.

No. III. (Vol. I., No. 3, January, 1841.)

273. Man in the Ages. Thomas T. Stone.
289. Afternoon. Caroline Tappan.
290. Questionings. F. H. Hedge.
291. Endymion. C. P. Cranch.
292. Hymn and Prayer. J. F. Clarke.
293. Meta. Margaret Fuller.
298. The True in Dreams. C. P. Cranch.
299. The Magnolia of Lake Pontchartrain. Margaret Fuller.
305. Love and Insight. Caroline Tappan.
305. Sunset. Caroline Tappan.
306. Give Us an Interpreter. Caroline Tappan.
306. [Birds shooting swiftly through air and light.] Caroline Tappan.
307. Ideals of Every-Day Life. No I. J. S. Dwight.
312. To Nydia. J. F. Clarke.
314. The Violet. Ellen Tucker Emerson
314. Stanzas. H. D. Thoreau.
315. German Literature Theodore Parker.
339. The Snow-Storm. R. W. Emerson.
340. Menzel's View of Goethe. Margaret Fuller.
347. Suum Cuique. R. W. Emerson.
348. The Sphinx. R. W. Emerson.
351. Orphic Sayings. A. Bronson Alcott.
362. Woman. Sophia Ripley.
366. Sonnet. To a Voice heard in Mount Auburn, July, 1839. J. R. Lowell.
367. Thoughts on Art. R. W. Emerson.
379. Glimmerings. C. P. Cranch.
381. Correspondences. C. P. Cranch.
381. Color and Light. C. P. Cranch.
382. My Thoughts. C. P. Cranch.
383. The Riddle. C. P. Cranch.
384. The Ocean. C. P. Cranch.
386. Letters from Italy on the Representatives of Italy. S. G. Ward.
400. To the Ideal. Ellen Hooper.
401. Record of the Months.
401. Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet. R. W. Emerson.
402. Robbins's "Worship of the Soul." R. W. Emerson.
404. Rodman's "Voice from the Prison." Margaret Fuller.
405. Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair." Margaret Fuller.

No. IV. (Vol. I., No. 4, April, 1841.)

409. The Unitarian Movement in New England. W. D. Wilson.
443. Dream. J. F. Clarke.
446. Ideals of Every-Day Life. No. II. Home. J. S. Dwight.
461. Listen to the Wind. Caroline Tappan.
461. The Wind Again. Caroline Tappan.
462. Leila. Margaret Fuller.
468. Poems on Art.
The Genuine Portrait. J. F. Clarke.
The Real and the Ideal. J. F. Clarke.
469. Hermitage. W. E. Channing.
469. The Angel and the Artist. Caroline Tappan.
470. Shelley. John M. Mackie.
494. A Dialogue. Poet, Critic. Margaret Fuller.
497. Thoughts on Labor. Theodore Parker.
519. The Out-Bid. Ellen Hooper.
520. Theme for a World-Drama. W. E. Channing.
523. Man the Reformer. R. W. Emerson.
539. Music of the Winter. J. F. Tuckerman.
544. Farewell. Ellen Hooper.

No. V. (Vol. II., No. 1, July, 1841.)

1. Goethe. Margaret Fuller.
42. Two Hymns. Eliza T. Clapp.
45. Night and Day. W. H. Channing.
47. The Blind Seer. C. P. Cranch.
48. Wheat Seed and Bolted Flour. W. H. Channing.
52. Song. W. E. Channing (?)
53. Need of a Diver. W. H. Channing.
55. Clouds. Eliza T. Clapp.
57. "The Future is better than the Past." Eliza T. Clapp.
58. August Shower. Eliza T. Clapp.
59. The Pharisees. Theodore Parker.
77. Protean Wishes. Theodore Parker.
78. Painting and Sculpture. Sophia Ripley.
81. Sic Vita. H. D. Thoreau.
82. Bettina! Caroline Tappan.
83. Prophecy — Transcendentalism — Progress. J. A. Saxton.
121. Sonnet to —— W. E. Channing.
122. Letter. Sophia Ripley.
129. Lines. Caroline Tappan.
129. Sonnet. "To die is gain." J. R. Lowell.
130. Notices of Recent Publications.
130. Jones Very's "Essays and Poems." R. W. Emerson.
131. Carlyle's "On Heroes." Margaret Fuller.
133. Lowell's "A Year's Life." Margaret Fuller.
134. Goethe's "Faust." Margaret Fuller.
134. H. Martineau's "Hour and the Man." Margaret Fuller.
135. Tennyson, Stirling, Festus. Margaret Fuller.
135. The Plain Speaker. Margaret Fuller.
136. Lines. Sara A. Chase.
136. To Contributors. Margaret Fuller.

No. VI. (Vol. II., No. 2, October, 1841.)

137. Cupid's Conflict. [Selected by A. B. Alcott.] Dr. Henry More.
148. Lives of the Great Composers, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Beethoven. Margaret Fuller.
203. Light and Shade. Caroline Tappan.
204. Friendship. H. D. Thoreau.
205. Painting and Sculpture. R. W. Emerson.
205. Fate. R. W. Emerson.
207. Woodnotes. Number II. R. W. Emerson.
214. A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society. Elizabeth P. Peabody

228. Poems on Life.
230. Windmill. Caroline Tappan.
231. Festus. Margaret Fuller.
262. Walter Savage Landor. R. W. Emerson.
271. Inworld. C. P. Cranch.

No. VII. (Vol. II., No. 3, January, 1842.)

273. First Principles. William B. Greene.
286. [Poetical Motto.] W. E. Channing.
286. Yuca Filamentosa. Margaret Fuller.
288. Inworld. [Repeated.] C. P. Cranch.
290. Outworld. C. P. Cranch.
292. Primitive Christianity. Theodore Parker.
313. Bettine Brentano and her Friend Günderode. Margaret Fuller.
357. Sonnet. April, 1819. J. R. Lowell.
357. Sonnet. J. R. Lowell.
358. Sonnet. To Irene on her Birthday. J. R. Lowell.
358. The Hour of Reckoning. Ellen Hooper.
359. Sonnet. To Mary on her Birthday. B. F. Presbury.
359. De Profundis Clamavi.
360. Music. To Martha. B. F. Presbury.
361. Plan of the West Roxbury Community. Elizabeth P. Peabody.
373. The Park. R. W. Emerson.
373. Forbearance. R. W. Emerson.
373. Grace. R. W. Emerson.
374. The Senses and the Soul. R. W. Emerson.
380. Epilogue to the Tragedy of Essex. From the German of Goethe. Margaret Fuller.
382. Editor's Table.
382. Transcendentalism. R. W. Emerson.
382. [Calvinist's Letter.] Thomas T. Stone.
385. Notices of Recent Publications.
385. Plan of Salvation. J. F. Clarke.
393. Motherwell's Poems. Margaret Fuller.
394. Goethe's "Egmont." Margaret Fuller.
395. Monaldi, A Tale. Margaret Fuller.
399. Wilde's "Conjectures and Researches." Margaret Fuller.
407. Boston Academy of Music. Margaret Fuller.
408. Theory of Teaching. Margaret Fuller.
409. "The Ideal Man." R. W. Emerson.

Number VIII. (Vol. II., No. 4, April, 1842.)

409. To the Editor of The Dial. A. Bronson Alcott.
409. Days from a Diary. A. Bronson Alcott.
437. Marie Van Oosterwich. Translated from the French. Margaret Fuller.
483. Silence and Speech. C. P. Cranch.
485. Thoughts on Theology. Theodore Parker.
528. Herzliebste. Charles A. Dana.
529. Record of the Months.
529. Whewell's "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences." Theodore Parker.
530. Whewell's "Foundation of Morals." Theodore Parker.
531. Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History. Theodore Parker.
535. Harwood's "German Anti-Supernaturalism." Theodore Parker.
539. Republications. Theodore Parker.
540. Milman's "History of Christianity." Theodore Parker.
542. Milman's Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Theodore Parker.

No. IX. (Vol. III., No. 1, July, 1842.)

1. Introductory Lecture on the Times. R. W. Emerson.
19. Natural History of Massachusetts. H. D. Thoreau.
40. Gifts. W. E. Channing.
41. The Lover's Song. W. E. Channing.
41. Sea Song. W. E. Channing.
42. The Earth-Spirit. W. E. Channing.
42. Prayer. W. E. Channing.
43. After-Life. W. E. Channing.
44. Autumn Leaves. Eliza T. Clapp.
46. Entertainments of the Past Winter. Margaret Fuller.
72. Tact. R. W. Emerson.
73. Holidays. R. W. Emerson.
73. The Amulet. R. W. Emerson.
74. The Castle by the Sea. From Uhland. F. H. Hedge.
75. Eternity. Charles A. Dana.
76. Vespers.
77. Prayers. R. W. Emerson.
79. [Metrical Prayer.] H. D. Thoreau.
80. [Prayer.] Junius Alcott.
81. To Shakspeare. W. E. Channing.
82. Veeshnoo Sarma. R. W. Emerson.
85. [I asked the Angels to come to me.]
86. Fourierism and the Socialists. R. W. Emerson.
97. The Evening Choir. Jones Very.
99. The World. Jones Very.
100. Chardon Street and Bible Conventions. R. W. Emerson.
103. Remarks. Nathaniel H. Whiting
112. The Two Dolons. C. K. Newcomb.
123. Agriculture of Massachusetts. R. W. Emerson.
126. Outward Bound. Caroline Tappan.
127. Record of the Months.
127. Borrow's "Zincali." R. W. Emerson.
128. Lockhart's "Ancient Spanish Ballads." R. W. Emerson.
129. Colton's "Tecumseh." R. W. Emerson.
130. Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales." Margaret Fuller.
131. Hawthorne's "Stories for Children." Margaret Fuller.
131. The Cambridge Miscellany. R. W. Emerson (?)
131. [Short notices.] R. W. Emerson (?)
132. Intelligence.
132. Wilkes Exploring Expedition. R. W. Emerson.
133. Association of State Geologists. R. W. Emerson.
133. Harvard University. R. W. Emerson.
135. [Wordworth's New Poems.] R. W. Emerson.
135. [Tennyson and Henry Taylor.] R. W. Emerson.
136. Schelling in Berlin. R. W. Emerson.

136. New Jerusalem Church. R. W. Emerson (?)

No. X. (Vol. III., No. 2, October, 1842.)

137. Romaic and Rhine Ballads. Margaret Fuller.
180. The Black Knight. H. D. Thoreau.
181. Lectures on the Times. II. The Conservative. R. W. Emerson.
198. The Inward Morning. H. D. Thoreau.
199. Free Love. H. D. Thoreau.
200. The Poet's Delay. H. D. Thoreau.
200. Rumors from an Æolian Harp. H. D. Thoreau.
201. Hollis Street Council. Theodore Parker.
222. The Moon. H. D. Thoreau.
222. To the Maiden in the East. H. D. Thoreau.
224. The Summer Rain. H. D. Thoreau.
225. The Artist. C. P. Cranch.
227. English Reformers. R. W. Emerson.
247. James Pierrepont Greaves. Charles Lane.
256. Dirge. W. E. Channing.
258. Cromwell. Charles Lane.
264. The Poet. W. E. Channing.
265. Lines. Ellen Cooper (?).
265. Saadi. R. W. Emerson.
269. The Gallery. Samuel G. Ward.
273. Record of the Months.
273. Tennyson's Poems. R. W. Emerson.
276. A Letter to Wm. E. Channing, D. D. R. W. Emerson.
277. Smyth's "Lectures on Modern History."
278. Editor's Table. R. W. Emerson.

No. XI. (Vol. III., No. 3, January, 1843.)

281. James Pierrepont Greaves. [Continued.] Charles Lane.
297. Lectures on the Times. III. The Transcendentalist. R. W. Emerson.
313. A Song of Spring. W. E. Channing.
314. Discoveries in the Nubian Pyramids. [Translated.] Elizabeth Hoar.
326. Anna. W. E. Channing.
327. To Eva [Ellen] at the South. R. W. Emerson.
328. The Brook. Caroline Tappan.
329. The River. W. E. Channing.
329. Life. W. E. Channing.
330. To . . . . W. E. Channing.
331. The Laws of Menu. [Selected.] H. D. Thoreau.
340. Death. W. E. Channing.
343. The Life and Character of Dr. Follen. Theodore Parker.
363. The Prometheus Bound. [Translated.] H. D. Thoreau.
387. Literary Intelligence.
387. [Death of Dr. Channing.] R. W. Emerson.
388. [Letters from Heidelberg.] Charles S. Wheeler
398. Schelling's Introductory Lecture in Berlin. [Translated.] F. H. Hedge.
404. Record of the Months.
404. Life of Jean Paul Richter. R. W. Emerson (?).
406. An Essay on Transcendentalism. Charles Lane.
411. Letters of Schiller. R. W. Emerson (?).
413. Fables of La Fontaine. R. W. Emerson (?).
414. Confessions of St. Augustine. R. W. Emerson.
416. [English books.] R. W. Emerson (?).
416. Goethe and Swedenborg. R. W. Emerson (?).

No. XII. (Vol. III., No. 4, April, 1843.)

417. A. Bronson Alcott's Works. Charles Lane.
454. Canova. Margaret Fuller.
484. Anacreon. [With translations.] H. D. Thoreau.
490. What is Beauty? L. M. Child.
493. Ethnical Scriptures. Sayings of Confucius. [Selected.] H. D. Thoreau.
495. George Keats. J. F. Clarke.
500. Remarks on John Milton, by John Keats.
505. To a Stray Fowl. H. D. Thoreau.
505. Orphics. I. Smoke. II. Haze. H. D. Thoreau.
506. Sonnets. I. II. W. E. Channing (?)
507. To . . . . W. E. Channing.
508. To —— W. E. Channing.
509. The Friends. W. E. Channing.
511. Europe and European Books. R. W. Emerson.
522. A Leaf from "A Voyage to Porto Rico." C. C. Emerson.
527. Dark Ages. H. D. Thoreau.
529. Friendship. [From Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose."] R. W. Emerson (?).
532. Record of the Months.
532. Bremer's "Neighbors." R. W. Emerson (?).
532. Bulwer's "Last of the Barons." R. W. Emerson (?).
533. Fetis' "Music Explained." Margaret Fuller (?).
534. Borrow's "Bible in Spain." R. W. Emerson.
535. Paracelsus. R. W. Emerson.
535. Zschokke's "Sleep Waker." R. W. Emerson (?).
536. Heraud's "Life and Times of Savonarola." Charles Lane.
541. [Letter from Heidelberg.] Charles S. Wheeler.
545. Catalogue of Books. A. Bronson Alcott.

No. XIII. (Vol. IV., No. 1, July, 1843.)

1. The Great Lawsuit. Margaret Fuller.
48. The Youth of the Poet and the Painter. Letter I. to IV. W. E. Channing.
59. Ethnical Scriptures. Extracts from the Desatir. [Selected.] R. W. Emerson (?).
62. Spring. W. E. Channing (?)
63. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt. [Selected.] R. W. Emerson (?).
63. The Song of Birds in Spring. W. E. Channing (?)
64. The Earth. W. E. Channing.
65. Social Tendencies. Charles Lane.
87. A Song of Death. George W. Curtis.
88. Notes from the Journal of a Scholar. No. II. C. C. Emerson.
92. Manhood. Charles A. Dana.
93. Gifts. R. W. Emerson.

96. Past and Present. R. W. Emerson.
103. An Old Man. W. E. Channing.
104. To Rhea. R. W. Emerson.
106. The Journey. W. E. Channing.
107. Notes on Art and Architecture. Samuel G. Ward.
115. The Glade. W. E. Channing.
116. Voyage to Jamaica. B. P. Hunt.
134. Record of the Months.
134. Pierpont's "Antislavery Poems." R. W. Emerson.
134. Garrison's Poems. R. W. Emerson.
134. Coffin's "America." R. W. Emerson.
135. Channing's Poems. R. W. Emerson.
135. Bremer's "H. Family." R. W. Emerson (?)
135. Intelligence.
135. Fruitlands. A. B. Alcott.
136. To Correspondents. R. W. Emerson.

No. XIV. (Vol. IV., No. 2, October, 1843.)

137. Hennell on the Origin of Christianity. Theodore Parker.
165. A Day with the Shakers. Charles Lane.
174. The Youth of the Poet and the Painter. Letter V. to IX. W. E. Channing.
186. Autumn. W. E. Channing.
188. Social Tendencies. [Continued.] Charles Lane.
205. Ethnical Scriptures, Chinese Four Books. [Selected.] H. D. Thoreau.
210. Via Sacra. Charles A. Dana.
211. A Winter Walk. H. D. Thoreau.
226. The Three Dimensions. R. W. Emerson (?).
227. Voyage to Jamaica. [Continued.] B. P. Hunt.
244. The Mother's Grief. W. E. Channing.
245. Sweep Ho! Ellen Hooper.
246. The Sail. William A. Tappan.
247. The Comic. R. W. Emerson.
257. Ode to Beauty. R. W. Emerson.
259. Allston's Funeral. W. E. Channing.
260. To the Muse. W. E. Channing.
261. William Tell's Song. W. E. Channing.
262. A Letter. R. W. Emerson.
270. New Books.
270. The Huguenots in France and America. R. W. Emerson.
270. Longfellow's Spanish Student. R. W. Emerson.
271. Percival's Dream of a Day and other Poems. R. W. Emerson.
272. [Notes of books.] R. W. Emerson (?).

No. XV. (Vol. IV., No. 3, January, 1844.)

273. The Youth of the Poet and the Painter. Letter X. to XIII. W. E. Channing.
285. Translation of Dante. Samuel G. Ward.
290. Homer. Ossian. Chaucer. H. D. Thoreau.
306. Lines. Caroline Tappan.
307. The Modern Drama. Margaret Fuller.
349. To R. B. [Robert Bartlett]. Charles A. Dana.
350. Autumn Woods. W. E. Channing.
351. Brook Farm. Charles Lane.
357. Tantalus. R. W. Emerson.
364. The Fatal Passion.—A Dramatic Sketch. W. E. Channing.
373. Interior or Hidden Life. Charles Lane.
379. Pindar. [Note and Translations.] H. D. Thoreau.
391. The Preaching of Buddha. [Selected.] H. D. Thoreau.
401. Eros. R. W. Emerson.
402. Ethnical Scriptures. Hermes Trismegistus. [Selected.] H. D. Thoreau.
405. The Times. A Fragment. [Blight.] R. W. Emerson.
407. Critical Notices.
407. Child's Letters from New York. R. W. Emerson (?).
407. Channing's Present. R. W. Emerson (?).
407. President Hopkins's Address. R. W. Emerson (?).
408. Deutsche Schnellpost. R. W. Emerson (?).

No. XVI. (Vol. IV., No. 4, April, 1844.)

409. Immanuel Kant. J. E. Cabot.
415. Life in the Woods. Charles Lane.
425. The Emigrants. From the German of Freiligrath. Charles T. Brooks.
427. The Youth of the Poet and the Painter. Letter XIV. to XXVIII. W. E. Channing.
455. The Twin Loves. Samuel G. Ward.
458. Dialogue. Margaret Fuller.
469. The Consolers. Samuel G. Ward.
470. To Readers. W. E. Channing.
471. The Death of Shelley. W. E. Channing.
472. A Song of the Sea. W. E. Channing.
473. To the Poets. W. E. Channing.
743. Fourierism. Elizabeth P. Peabody
484. The Young American. R. W. Emerson.
507. Herald of Freedom. H. D. Thoreau.
513. Fragments of Pindar. [Translations.] H. D. Thoreau.
515. The Tragic. R. W. Emerson.
521. Saturday and Sunday among the Creoles. B. P. Hunt.
525. The Moorish Prince. From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath. Charles T. Brooks.
528. The Visit. R. W. Emerson.
529. Ethnical Scriptures. Chaldean Oracles. [Selected.] R. W. Emerson.
537. Millennial Church. Charles Lane.
540. Human Nature. R. W. Emerson (?).

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

I. 1. 71. Sympathy.
117. Aulus Persius Flaccus.
3. 314. Stanzas.
II. 1. 81. Sic Vita.
2. 204. Friendship. [Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers.]
III. 1. 19. Natural History of Massachusetts.
79. [Metrical Prayer.]
2. 180. The Black Knight.
198. The Inward Morning.
199. Free Love.

200. The Poet's Delay.
200. Rumors from an Æolian Harp.
222. The Moon.
222. To the Maiden in the East.
224. The Summer Rain.
3. 331. The Laws of Menu. [Selected.]
363. The Prometheus Bound. [Translated.]
4. 484. Anacreon. [With translations.]
493. Ethnical Scriptures. Sayings of Confucius. [Selected].
505. To a Stray Fowl.
505. Orphics. I. Smoke. II. Haze.
527. Dark Ages.
IV. 2. 205. Ethnical Scriptures. Chinese Four Books. [Selected.]
211. A Winter Walk.
3. 290. Homer. Ossian. Chaucer.
379. Pindar. [Note and translations.]
391. The Preaching of Buddha. [Selected.]
402. Ethnical Scriptures. Hermes Trismegistus. [Selected.]
4. 507. Herald of Freedom.
513. Fragments of Pindar. [Translated.]

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

II. 2. 214. A Glimpse of Christ's Idea of Society.
3. 361. Plan of the West Roxbury Community.
IV. 4. 473. Fourierism.

MARGARET FULLER'S POEM ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES CHAUNCY EMERSON

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON
Trinity College, Hartford

Although S. M. Fuller paid her first[1] visit to the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson sometime between July 21 and August 11, 1836, she had been aware of the Emerson family—and the genius of its members—probably as far back as 1828 or 1829, when R. W. E. began his short career as a parish clergyman at the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. One tradition maintains that she was strongly attracted to the brilliant Charles—a point of view which Miss Stern's biography does not disallow.[2] Writing of the Harvard graduation of 1829, she says: "The hall was packed with ministers for whom no seats had been reserved and Henry Hedge walked over to Margaret as the Reverend Dr. Porter began his ten-minute prayer. While William Henry Channing pursued his colloquy on 'An Active Profession as Injuring or Assisting the Efforts of Literary Men,' Henry pointed out to Margaret the mild face of Waldo Emerson's brother Charles, who had been graduated the year before." Describing Margaret's later years, Miss Stern says: "Yet, why did the word [sphinx] bring before her eyes the image of Charles Emerson—dead, but always alive to her?"

What is not generally known is that when Charles died in New York on May 9, 1836, and his death reported in the newspaper[3] on May 16, 1836, Margaret wrote the following poem in his memory, publishing it on the front page of Boston's important daily.[4] (The lines were clipped by Emerson, pasted into one of his blotting books, and preserved.) The second stanza undoubtedly refers to Elizabeth Hoar to whom Charles was affianced and whom, throughout her life, R.W.E. called "sister."

[ORIGINAL]

LINES- - - On the Death of C.C.E.

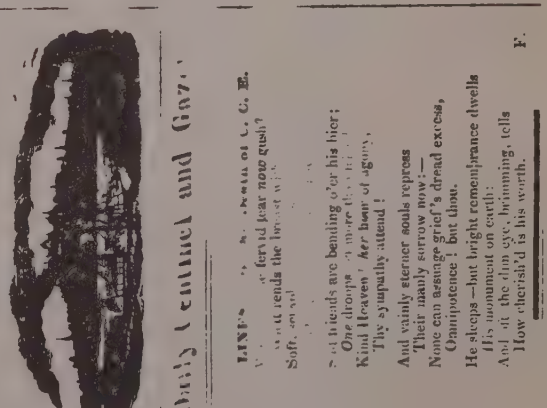
What bids the fervid tear now gush?
What rends the breast with wo?
Soft, seraph voices answer, "hush!—
"The godlike slumbers low."

Sad friends are bending o'er his bier;
One droops—a more than friend:-
Kind Heaven! her hour of agony,
Thy sympathy attend!

And vainly sterner souls repress
Their manly sorrow now:-
None can assuage grief's dread excess,
Omnipotence! but thou.

He sleeps—but bright remembrance [dwells
His monument on earth:
And oft the dim eye, brimming, tells
How cherish'd is his worth.

F.



1 See Emerson's Letters, II, 32.
2 Madeleine B. Stern, The Life of Margaret Fuller, N.Y., 1942, pp. 56 and 195.
3 See the Boston Daily Centinel and Gazette, Monday morning, May 16, 1836, page 2: "At New York, Charles Chauncy Emerson, Esq. of Concord, Mass. of a rapid consumption, 27."
4 Loc. cit., Tuesday, May 17, 1836, page 1.

EMERSON

ON BRONSON ALCOTT, CONVERSATIONALIST

By
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

On June 9, 1857, Emerson wrote to Alcott: "Will you have the goodness to send me a note of the day when you were born; and, if you have it, of the year when you came to Boston to reside; and the year when you came to Concord to reside. I have had the temerity to promise a biographical paragraph,—only one paragraph,—to some New-York Biographical Dictionary on the subject of you. Better, much better, if you come yourself. But I want the dates presently."[1] The "paragraph," promised to either George Ripley or Charles A. Dana, appeared within a few months and is here reproduced.[2] I append a facsimile of the ticket distributed by Alcott at his "Conversational Meetings" taken from a Concord notebook of the 1850-1860 period.

ALCOTT, Amos Bronson, a philosopher devoted to the science of education, born at Wolcott, Conn., Nov. 29, 1799. Like many farmers' sons in Connecticut, whilst still a boy, he was intrusted by a local trader with a trunk of merchandise, with which he sailed for Norfolk, Va., and which he afterward carried about among the plantations; and his early readings were in the planters' houses, who gave hospitality to the young salesman, and, observing his turn for study, talked with him, and opened their bookcases to him in a stormy day. On his return to Connecticut he began to teach, and attracted attention by his success with an infant-school. He removed to Boston in 1828, and showed singular skill and sympathy in his methods of teaching young children of 5, 6, and 7 years, at the "Masonic Temple." (See a printed account, "Record of a School," E. P. Peabody, 12mo, Boston, 1834; also, a transcript of the colloquies of these children with their teacher, in "Conversations on the Gospels," 2 vols. 12mo, Boston, 1836.) But the school was in advance of public opinion, and, on the publication of this book, was denounced by the newspapers of the day. After closing his school, Mr. Alcott removed to Concord, Mass., where he betook himself to his studies, interesting himself chiefly in natural theology, and the various questions of reform, in education, in diet, civil and social institutions. On the invitation of James P. Greaves, of London, the friend and fellow-laborer of Pestalozzi in Switzerland, Mr. Alcott went to England in 1842. Mr. Greaves died before his arrival, but Mr. A. was cordially received by his friends, who had given his name to their school at "Alcott House," Ham, near London, and spent some months in making acquaintance with various classes of reformers. On his return to America, he brought with him two of his English friends, Charles Lane and H. G. Wright; and Mr. Lane having bought a farm which he called "Fruitlands," at Harvard, Mass., they all went there to found a new community. Messrs. Lane and Wright soon returned to England, and the farm was sold. Mr. Alcott removed to Boston, and has led the life of a Peripatetic philosopher, conversing in cities and in villages, wherever invited, on divinity, on human nature, on ethics, on dietetics, and a wide range of practical questions. These conversations, which were at first casual, gradually assumed a more formal character, the topics being often printed on cards, and the company meeting at a fixed time and place. Mr. Alcott attaches great importance to diet and government of the body; still more to race and complexion. He is an idealist, and we should say Platonist, if it were not doing injustice to give any name implying secondariness to the highly original habit of his salient and intuitive mind. He has singular gifts for awakening contemplation and aspiration in simple and in cultivated persons. Though not learned, he is a rare master of the English language; and, though no technical logician, he has a subtle and deep science of that which actually passes in thought, and thought is ever seen by him in its relations to life and morals. Those persons who are best prepared by their own habit of thought, set the highest value on his subtle perception and facile generalization.

1 The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk, (6 vols.), N.Y., 1939, V, p. 79.

2 Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Amos Bronson Alcott," The New American Cyclopaedia, ed. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, (16 vols.), N.Y., 1858-1863, vol. I, pages 301-302. This work carries only a very few lines about Thoreau.

PRACTICAL RULES,

FOR

CONDUCTING A CONVERSATIONAL MEETING.

Any lady or gentleman proposes a subject for consideration and opens it, and is followed by any one disposed to speak to it, without any other restriction, than, that no reference is permitted to be made to the sentiments of a preceding speaker. By adopting this mode, personal opposition is avoided; good feeling is preserved to all, and the company have the several views presented to them in a direct manner.

The subject for consideration this Evening is

EMERSON'S TRIBUTE TO MRS. HANNAH JOY

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Professor Rusk (Letters, III, 42) first called attention to the following uncollected Emerson item, which was printed 118 years ago. (Christian Register and Boston Observer, XXI, no. 14 (Boston, Sat., April 2, 1842), page 55, columns 4 and 5.) It is preceded by Emerson's note to the editors. Since R.W.E. already has a number of obituary notices to his credit, this one deserves to be recorded.

OBITUARY.

Messrs. Editors,—On my return home from a recent journey I looked in vain in your paper for some sketch of a character so admirable as that of the late Mrs. Hannah Joy. From what motives of delicacy or respect to the dead, this duty to the survivor has been omitted, I know not. I think that a community in which she was so much known and beloved cannot suffer a name so dear to pass away in silence.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. HANNAH JOY.

Mrs. Joy was a person of such immaculate innocence that she recommended the world in which she lived. That society to which we all conform, might well be proud to contain within it her gentle spirit. She was a lady in whom benevolence was the inspiration, and beneficence the expiration of every breath; a person who adorned the apartment in which she sat, with gentleness and piety; and that her presence was an honor and a beauty to any house and any company. She was a woman of a singularly pure and lovely nature, of the greatest holiness of mind, swift to find faults in herself, and the only person who was ever able to detect them; a person on whom sat by nature a certain beauty of behaviour which consecrated her in every company like the circle of light which painters draw around the heads of saints. She was a piece of pure kindness—the will to do good from the manifest propriety of it, and the impossibility of doing otherwise. Although rich, yet habitually modest in her own expense, she delighted from youth to age in constant acts of generosity performed to great numbers of persons, and proceeding to her last moment from the same glow of affection, which the frosts of age did not cool. Her extreme delicacy made it as graceful and honorable to accept from her a benefit as it is often ungrateful and odious. She had that more than royal grace of giving which confers an honor as well as a favor in every action. We are all the debtors of that soul which wears the weeds of our nature with dignity—and faith, and her behaviour was so charming that men of fine intellect and men of great energy of action might well pause respectfully before a woman so excellent in her mind; and such men did pay her in portion to their own force the homage of their deference.

Her errand in the world being to soothe grief, to feed the hungry, to clothe the poor, and to persuade the perverse, she confined herself to these offices, and never undertook the reform of mankind, but poured out the treasures of that excellent spirit which was in her, there where her birth had placed her, in the bosom of refined society, on those objects which always promptly appear to the love which searches for them. She was an astral lamp in the midst of the house shedding on a happy company a steady mild and social radiance.

Her politeness was native and was not kept for holidays and for strangers, but was as flowing toward every member of her family as to the most honored stranger. This gentle soul knowing that her will was love for all around her, used a prudence in speaking, an abstemiousness in expressing her own wishes in reference to the action of her children or friends, until she had drawn from them the expression of their own.

Her death was calm and noble as a sunset, but there was no elevation in it over the most unmarked hour of her long life. As much conscience, as much feeling of propriety raised every hour, as raised the last. Only perhaps she used a more cautious truth in her conversation, lest she should deceive herself or deceive others in the expression of her thoughts upon her approaching ascension.